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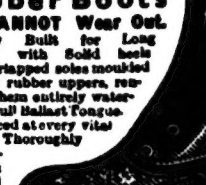
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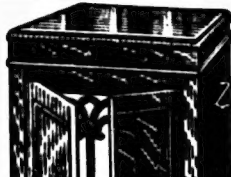
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DANGER

A black and white illustration depicting a family of five—mother, father, and three children—standing in a line and holding hands. They are all looking towards the right side of the frame with expressions of concern or fear. On the right, a large, stylized, and menacing face of a clown or jester is visible, partially obscured by dark, leafy branches. The word "DANGER" is written in large, bold, capital letters at the top left of the image.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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A Fuller Stocking for BRITAIN

THIS is going to be a British Christmas, a nearly all-British Christmas, the first for many years.

Unemployment, though it is still with us, is declining. There are many thousands more people now than last year who have got the best Christmas-box of all—a job.

Last week the Bank of England rushed extra note issues into circulation. There is £15,000,000 of additional money working hard. The men who watch the flow and volume of Christmas trade, the Chamber of Commerce statisticians, state that over £100,000,000 will be spent this Christmas.

Over 80 per cent. of that money is being spent on British goods, helping to keep those thousands of extra men in work for next year, a Christmas-box for next Christmas.

Santa Claus is speaking English this year with the accent of Yorkshire and Lancashire and all the industrial counties of Britain.

The effects of our going off the gold standard are being felt. There is "more money about." If there were still more, things would be still better.

For months past over 600 new factories have been working overtime for Christmas, and for the past week, in London alone, a million and a half people a day have been buying what they have turned out.

BRITISH manufacturers have been learning a lesson from the hard days. They have improved their methods and studied the taste of customers. Such things as leather handbags are now made better and cheaper here than abroad.

London and the South-West of England are making the toys for the children's stockings—there are now twenty-two more factories employing nearly 10,000 Britons on that job.

What are the other Christmas favourites on the presents list? Gloves, cigarette-cases, powder-puffs, fancy enamel ware. According to the Board of Trade survey there are sixty-two more British factories making them. According to retail trade figures, 90 per cent. of these articles on the shopping counters are British made.

There are now 144 more wearing apparel factories producing neckties, scarves, pyjamas, handkerchiefs and clothing. In the shops they are all cheaper than they were at this time last year, when nearly 30 per cent. of these goods were foreign. This year they are almost entirely all British.

Perhaps the biggest revolution of all, however, is in the "fancy" trade which lives on, by and for Christmas—such things as jewellery, fancy china, silver and silk articles.

If you insist on having a foreign-made article among these, you will have to walk far and try hard to get it.

Heading the list for success in the "fancy"

business is the new-born British "plastics" industry, an Aladdin's lamp of a trade if ever there was one.

Out of cheese and disinfectants, out of formaldehyde and carbolic acid and coal tar they are making ash-trays and tables, and wireless cabinets, and cups and saucers which can't break,



burn or stain, in all the colours of the rainbow.

British chemists, British workmen and British capital have created this business in a few short years. This year it has cornered the market for these goods. The Christmas counters are piled high with their products, and they have announced a combined output value of £20,000,000.

So the list goes on.

The woollen textile trade has broken all records since 1914. They are making those extra coloured blankets, Christmas woollies for the tots, scarves and pullovers for

menfolk, and as fast as they are making them Britons are buying them.

Steel and iron production output has climbed sharply. These last few weeks those other staples shipbuilding and coal have made a sudden spurt, all of them providing the extra wherewithal to fill those stockings fatter than they have been for many years.

But it is not only trade figures and statistics which are providing the promise of this all-British Christmas. There is a different spirit abroad in the land.

There is the heart-warming spectacle, for instance, of the numerous public assistance committees who are openly defying the Scrooges of Government, and are insisting on giving the workless a little extra this Christmas.

THERE are personal and practical generousities in the true Christmas spirit like those civil servants in the Patent Office and the clerks in Montagu House, the Ministry of Labour's headquarters, who have adopted the village of Escombe in Durham and the village of Great Harwood.

Both these places have been ruined as much as any of the devastated villages of France which were broken in the Great War. They have been devastated in the Great Depression. In Escombe 291 out of 300 of its breadwinners have been out of work for years.

These civil servant clerks have been contributing a penny each week for months, and have raised £340 towards giving these almost hopeless workless a chance to have a real Christmas.

Now that the British Christmas is here at long last, let us help to keep it here.

We can tell our readers the simple way, the easy way, to that. It is—to buy more. Buy more, spend more, and so make more. Don't stint, don't "Scrooge," spend to the utmost limit.

That is the way to wipe the black spots, the Escombes and the Great Harwoods, off the map.

Drink and Be Merry!—But Why Not for All of Us?

The Birch and the Bad Boy Mother's Strange Sacrifice

ONE of the most commonly displayed Christmas cards this year depicts a company of English yeomen toasting in a tavern the spirit of Peace and Good Will.

There could be no more fitting recipients of these cards next week than the licensing authorities of this country. They have used the Christmas festival as an opportunity to exhibit tyranny and narrow-mindedness by most un-English methods.

Stern refusal—to some

Christmas Eve, falling on a Sunday, will largely be celebrated on Saturday. When provision was made in the licensing laws for extra facilities to be given to the public on "special occasions," it was clearly intended that this should be one.

But almost all over the land the authorities have refused to make any concession—to ordinary people.

Freedom for others

If these autocrats had been consistent and made their orders apply to all classes of the community, some reason for their killjoy decision might exist.

There can be none in face of what else they have done.

While the customers of ordinary inns and licensed premises have in most areas been denied any extension of time, the patrons of better-class clubs and hotels have been given most generous facilities for Christmas Eve festivities.

Unfair distinction

This display of favouritism, particularly to alien hotel proprietors and managers, will surely not pass unnoticed and unchallenged by the Home Secretary.

For things have come to a pretty pass indeed if this kind of distinction can be made so freely.

Darts are sinful!

Let us note, too, what the mandarins are doing in Essex. Licence-holders there have been visited by police officers and solemnly served with an important order from "high quarters."

It warns them that, on Christmas Eve and all future Sundays, they must not allow their customers to play darts in the bars!

Can idiocy go any further than that?

Losing the peace

There's something idiotic, too, in the official admission that we in Britain are paying £14 10s. a head in taxation this year.

That comes of winning the war. The Germans, who lost it, pay only £7 14s. a head.

Yet the Government proposes to spend a great deal more on increasing our weapons of war, though evidently it pays not to win wars, but to lose them.

Dustbin economy

Anyhow, if it didn't worry about new cruisers it wouldn't have to worry about dirty old bottles in dustbins.

The Minister of Health wants local councils to collect old bottles from the dustbin refuse and sell them to raise revenue.

But unless the bottles are properly sterilised before being used again, this "economy" may be a very dear one.

Reform we want

The Government should worry about some of the social reforms that are long overdue. Divorce, for instance.

The Bill now before Parliament would provide five new grounds for divorce—desertion, cruelty, insanity, habitual

drunkenness and life imprisonment under a commuted death sentence.

We say the Government should support it. And while we respect the religious convictions of its opponents, we can't see anything religious in a woman being tied to a wife-beater.

Divorce or death?

Think of the horrible tragedy of Mrs. Mary Jefford and her little daughter, who were found gassed in their home near Nottingham last week.

The woman's husband was in prison for stabbing her. In her last letter she wrote: "The life I shall lead when he comes out will be hell."

Similar tragedies and endless misery will go on unless we get saner divorce.

Mad laws on madness

And think of the shocking tragedies caused by the muddled lunacy laws!

The latest comes from Birmingham, where a man who had been discharged from a mental institution on the application of his wife, soon afterwards murdered her and their three young children.

Now that a family has been wiped out, he is to be locked up again as a lunatic.

Wanted—common-sense

We are glad the Assize Commissioner had something bitter to say about the law that permitted this man's discharge, for we are getting tired of saying bitter things about sane people in asylums being unable to get out and mad people being released.

Shall we never see a touch of common-sense applied to our lunacy laws?

Casting the first stone

Equally muddle-headed were the Kentish clergy who rallied against the "gaming machines" used on two days at the Deal Regatta, and we hope they are still smarting from Mr. Justice Charles' stinging rebuke.

After talking of church bazaar raffles, the judge said that the working-men who ran the machines were just as decent as the clergy themselves.

The clergy's job should be to make friends with those working-men, not to treat them as enemies.

Spare the police rod—

Mr. Justice Charles had "a good Press." Mr. Justice du Parc did not. A pity, for his considered opinion that the birch is an entirely mistaken policy should be brought before everyone who has to deal with young offenders.

"Birching and caning at school are quite different," he said. "I have seen many long criminal records which began with the birching of a small boy, probably with the best of intentions. I say this for the attention of magistrates."

—and save the child

The learned judge is right. Too often the birching of a small boy by a brawny policeman gives him a grudge against the law, so he commits further petty offences.

The trouble is that if magistrates do



What's in a name?

not order a child delinquent to be birched they order him to be shut up in a so-called "reformatory," where he is an easy prey for the lunacy hawks.

And that, in our opinion, is far worse than any birching.

The remedy

What, then, is to be done? We believe there is an obvious remedy—one that is neither namby-pamby nor harsh. Let the youthful offender be birched—but by his father or school-teacher.

That would properly punish him without any of the objectionable features associated with the present system of birching. Doesn't Mr. Justice du Parc agree?

Going to the dogs?

Another judge in the news is Mr. Justice Swift, who has been astonished by the roguery in dog-racing. He would not have been astounded had he read the full exposure of such roguery that we published many months ago.

Like us, he made it clear that he was not attacking the sport as a whole. But we are glad that he said, as we have said, that the sport must be "cleaned up."

Otherwise it will lose the public's confidence.

Racing's downfall

Then, too, tragedy is happening in racing. Since the jumping season opened, the attendance at even the more important meetings wouldn't fill an ordinary cinema.

If stern and quick action is not taken by the authorities, the rot is likely to become complete.

The causes are very clear.

Widespread distrust

Distrust of "over the sticks" racing has become widespread.

There are often only one or two "triers" in a race. In other words, the event is "cut up" between stables for betting purposes.

A stable will win easily and profitably with a horse that, when it runs next time, is made favourite by public money.

Frequently and inexplicably, it is nowhere then.

Sham amateurs

Jumping is also coming more and more under the sway of sham amateur riders. They try to win only when they are promised the odds to a stipulated sum or are guaranteed a substantial "present."

These scandals must be ended—and ended quickly.

Inviting disaster

And there must be a big clean-up in the mining industry unless more miners are to have their lives thrown away. Enquiry into two recent explosions, in

which there was a heavy death-roll, revealed that the regulations had been flouted.

Then, when a colliery company and its manager were each fined £30 last week, it was said that explosions had not been reported and that naked lamps had been permitted with firedamp present!

We shouldn't fine such offenders. We'd jail them.

It pays to underpay

Sometimes, indeed, bad employers find that it pays to break the law.

For paying a youth less than the legal wage, a farmer has been fined 10s. at Boston and ordered to pay back £10 10s. wage arrears. But as the arrears amounted to £21 10s., that farmer is in pocket by nearly £10!

The law is said to be a hass, but some of its absurdities are also damnably unjust.

One bright patch

To paint the other side of the industrial picture, let us take this statement of the weavers of Ramsbottom:

"We are glad to say that the Ramsbottom employers have kept to agreements, in many cases at great disadvantage to themselves, and we appreciate their action."

We should like to add that this praise shows the Ramsbottom workers in as generous a light as their employers.

Amazing sacrifice

Now for the strangest act of generosity we have ever known.

Last week Mrs. Boulter, of Hull, said good-bye to her infant son, who is now travelling across the Atlantic in the care of a stewardess.

He is to be adopted by his uncle and aunt, keepers of a lighthouse many miles off the American coast. Their baby son had died; they asked for little David to be sent to live with them.

Was she right?

After a great struggle, Mrs. Boulter sacrificed her own feelings and took pity on her sister's lonely life.

A wonderful gesture; but what of the lonely life that will be her son's?

Surely his future should have come first?

This year, next year—?

We were also interested in the news that Jacob Factor is to be extradited at last. Well, we shall believe it when he's here.

Last July we told the full story of the fight to bring him to justice. An old enemy of ours, he is accused of the biggest share-pushing frauds ever known.

For two years he has taken advantage of the loopholes in the American law. How many more will he manage to find?

We told you so!

The newspapers have been busy, too, with the move that is being made to bring about a national detective force and several other revolutionary police changes.

Well, we predicted and detailed these changes as long ago as September, 1931. Then our report was scoffed at; now it is gradually being fulfilled.

If you see it in JOHN BULL it is so. And if you see it in JOHN BULL it's news.

The old, wicked game

"This is a matter which ought to be made public, and I hope the Press are taking a note of it," said Judge Higgins the other day.

An accident victim had been induced to bring an action for damages, and to pay 2s. in the £ to a solicitor out of any damages he received.

Well, there's not much need for us to note it, for our readers will remember our repeated exposures of this wicked ramp. But we're pleased to see that yet another judge has condemned it.

How much longer will it be before the authorities awaken to the need for prompt action?

Christmas, 1917

CHRISTMAS again, the warm, cosy gathering which stands for all that is best in family life.

It is the season of children's laughter, wild expectations, unbelievable excitement, a time when we older ones give ourselves up to a world that is young, our own memories, should they obtrude themselves too wistfully, thrust aside as we look at a small hand holding up a large toy for admiration and approval.

The Christmases of the past—it takes a house full of the sound of high-pitched voices and the pitter of small feet to prevent our missing too much what the years have taken away.

The thirty, forty, fifty Christmases we have left behind us form the long chain that links our present with our past; but I think there is a gap in that chain of memory in the case of most of those of us who are old enough to have lived through the war.

Which of us, at Christmas time, thinks of the Christmases of the war period, unless, indeed, some intimate tragedy prevents our forgetting them? It is as if some protective instinct keeps our minds from dwelling on anything so painful and unhappy.

It requires an effort to remember, but it is an effort we ought to make, for in forgetfulness lies a real danger.

If we forget the horror of war, how can we be sure we prize highly enough the blessings of peace? How can we be certain that carelessness will not engender smug complacency, that self-satisfaction and absorption in our daily tasks will not blind us to the fact that peace requires working for and defending, aye, and running risks for, too, for to sign petitions and proclaim peaceful intentions is not enough.

The dull misery of it

WE who lived through the war hated those war-time Christmases, and the last one, Christmas, 1917, was particularly horrible. It was the fourth we had endured, and, thinking back, I can recall the dull, cheerless misery of it.

I spent it in London, having come over on duty from Paris for two days. By this time I had been withdrawn from the Front, and had become head of the Military Mission attached to the French Government.

I worked with the grim old man who was both Prime Minister and Minister for War in France, Clemenceau, the Tiger. It was he who sent me to London. The formidable old statesman was displeased. Something had gone wrong.

I can see him now; the strangely monkey-like face, the enormous head, rugged as a great lumpy stone, covered by a skull-cap; the hands clad always in grey cotton gloves. I can hear him growling at me through his big grey moustache on that Christmas Eve in 1917, as he sat crouched in his armchair behind the enormous desk covered with papers in his great dark room at the Ministry of War, into which the bold light of the winter's day hardly penetrated.

"Father Victory" they called him. His will of iron bent his country to resistance, and the fear of him drove generals and Ministers on. His hand lay heavy on the neck of his people; he answered all objections, silenced all protests, with a shrug: "I am waging war," he would say, and that was all there was to it.

No mercy tempered his ordinances, no pity mollified his verdicts. France was fighting for her life, and so, for the matter of that, was England.

London was even gloomier than Paris. There was not a spark of joy in its darkened streets, nothing but apprehension in its cold houses. Heavens, how cold they were, and how dark the streets!

The public had been warned that they should reduce gas consumption by a fifth, and that the hours at which it might be lighted would probably be fixed. Hot water was to be treated as a luxury. So the people sat huddled and brooding. There were no visiting friends, no reunions in the country, for it had been decreed that no train journey should be undertaken that Christmas, except in case of extreme urgency.

So all stayed at home, thinking always about the same thing—the War.

There was no sign of weakening. No one

—a memory and a reminder



The Home Front, Christmas, 1917—a queue for margarine

thought of surrender as a possibility. The dogged British race, its back to the wall, was fighting grimly on.

The people at home were facing a serious shortage of food. A whole food convoy of fourteen ships had just been sunk, escort and all, and it had been announced that shipping losses by submarine attack exceeded our capacity to replace the vessels sunk. A steady average of fourteen large ships of over 1,600 tons was being sent to the bottom each week.

Prices were going up. There were a few turkeys for sale at 55s. apiece. Fowls fetched from 10s. to 15s. Bananas were 4d., oranges 3½d. to 1s. Tea cost 4s. a lb.

Outside the grocers' shops, queues of women waited in the bitter weather for their margarine rations, a thousand or more in a queue, the police in attendance, and sometimes the ambulance workers as well. There was nothing unusual in having to wait six hours in the bitter, freezing weather. That was in London; elsewhere conditions were even worse.

Hunger, terror

THE Government's Christmas present to the nation was an announcement that from the 1st of January there would be one meatless day a week, and on Christmas Eve itself came the rather grim edict that as soon as anyone died the deceased's sugar card must be surrendered.

It was suggested that all patriots should give War Bonds as Christmas presents.

There was no prospect that the war would end. Things might easily get worse. The people knew it, but did not complain. Hunger and cold by day, terror from the air by night; the Tubes packed to suffocation when the maroons announced a raid, with frightened people standing, one solid mass of humanity, in air gradually becoming foul and unbreathable.

No, conditions were not gay at Christmas, 1917. Over the wide horizon of the world at war,

only one bright spot, Palestine, for Allenby had entered Jerusalem.

The only real hope lay across the Atlantic. Could the American Army cross the submarine-infested seas and arrive in time? We and France were both bled white, for after Ypres had come Verdun, after Verdun the Somme, after the Somme, Arras and the Chemin des Dames, and after that Passchendaele, and Passchendaele had been the worst of all.

A small boy . .

ON the Western Front shells now burst on the frozen surface of what had been a sea of mud that had swallowed up hundreds of thousands of our men.

Roumania had just surrendered, and Russia had signed an armistice with the enemy.

The Italians had not recovered from Caporetto: 40,000 killed, 90,000 wounded, 350,000 prisoners, 3,000 guns lost.

Is all that forgotten? Is that Christmas sixteen years ago obliterated from our minds?

I for one would gladly consign it to oblivion, let it fall unregretted, a mis-written and blotted page of history, into the abyss of time, if I could but be certain that we should never see such a Christmas again.

To-day we have peace.

Although there is still suffering and want in the land, the overwhelming mass of the people will make merry on Christmas Day this year as of old. I myself am looking forward to seeing a small boy rolling on the floor with a puppy, a present awaited and longed for these many months past.

But the thought comes to me that at Christmas, 1917, the Press announced that "the first war-time schoolboys became effective for military service," and I shudder to think that that same small boy is not safe from the monstrous danger of war.

It must be eliminated. We, who remember, must make it our duty to insure that it is.



Brigadier-General
E. L.
SPEARS,
M.P.

THE BLUE



Her Majesty the Adopted Baby! And over what an admiring court will she reign this Christmas!

IT is at Christmas time that the people who are lonely because they have no children feel their loneliness most of all. For what, after all, is Christmas without the children? Stockings! Christmas Trees! Crackers!

What fun is there in any of them unless the dancing eyes of the children tell you what a magical day they are having.

It is to capture some of this brightness and bring it into their homes that many of these lonely people decide to adopt a child at Christmas. The result is that in the month of December adoption societies are twice as busy as at any other time of the year.

Behind their increased activities lies the most human Christmas story of all—a real-life story which puts any fairy tale into the shade.

'Somebody's babies' now

It is the story of "Nobody's Babies" eagerly and pathetically waiting for the magical appearance from nowhere of a "Mummy and Daddy" who will whirl them off to a new world of love and security—to home.

The joy and thankfulness of the new "parents" surpasses, perhaps, even that of the children. For the

little ones bring with them new life, new hope, an added love, into homes dull and dreary for the want of childish laughter.

On both sides it is a story to touch even the stoniest heart.

At the headquarters in London of the National Children's Adoption Association, the most important society of its kind in the country, they will put through between December 1 and Christmas Day twice the number of adoptions usually arranged during an ordinary month.

"We want a baby for Christmas," the adopter says. "Can it be arranged in time?"

The society does not encourage prospective "parents" who might be inspired merely by the sentimental associations of Christmas and possibly tire of the child later. The life-long welfare of the little ones is the first consideration.

But where people genuinely desire to have the child permanently, and where the home they have to offer is considered a suitable one for the baby, every possible effort is made to put through the many formalities so that parents and child may be united for Christmas.

"Adopted for Christmas!" is the real-life fairy tale they can tell at

any of the adoption societies' houses, scattered all over the country.

What happens at Tower Cressey and Castlebar, the two hostels of the National Children's Adoption Association, is typical of what goes on elsewhere.

His Majesty the Adopted Baby has made it a real Christmas in the homes of countless childless couples who have gone to Tower Cressey and Castlebar. He is the Blue Bird that in a very real sense brings happiness into their childless lives.

For the empty cot

One such couple, Mr. and Mrs. A., lost their little girl, an only child, three or four months ago. She was six years old—just when Santa Claus and all the other Christmas traditions mean so much to children. All the year they had been making plans as to what they would give her for Christmas. Now the little bed was empty.

About the middle of November the mother went to the adoption society. "My husband and I," she told Mrs. Plummer, the secretary, "simply cannot face Christmas alone. Can you let us have a little girl in time?"

A little girl, blue-eyed and fair, just the same age as their own child, has been found for them, and a week before Christmas she will go to fill the gap in their home. The Christmas tree, the stocking, the presents, everything has been prepared as it was planned for their own little girl. Now the new daughter will receive them.

Mrs. B. is the wife of a company

director. She is well off, has a lovely home just outside London, and has almost everything her heart could desire. But not quite. She has no children. And always she has longed for a baby.

This year when her husband asked her what she would like for a Christmas present she said "You know, John, the very loveliest thing I could have would be an adopted baby."

So that is her present. Two very sunny large rooms in the house have been turned out, re-decorated and refurnished. One is the night nursery, one the day nursery. She has been having a wonderful time with baby clothes and crib and basket, choosing curtains, bed-linen and an elderdown.

The baby she has chosen is ten months old. A pretty blue-eyed girl with fair curls. She is too tiny to understand about Christmas trees and Santa Claus. Nevertheless, her little sock will have a toy in it on Christmas morning and the tiniest tree you could imagine stands in one corner of the day nursery. On Christmas afternoon it will be lit with one candle.

On Christmas Eve the baby will be taken home and Mrs. B. is going to have the happiest Christmas of her life.

Adoption is a serious business for the child as well as the parents, as these two stories will show.

Last Christmas a retired Army captain and his wife decided to adopt a child. Harold was six years old, a fine, sturdy little chap and very intelligent.

Two days before Christmas he was taken to his new home, a lovely house on the outskirts of London. Great preparations had been made for his arrival.

He wondered

There was a nurse waiting to receive him, two lovely nurseries had been prepared and a large Christmas tree was already decorated. He was to get the bulk of his toys on Christmas morning, but so that he would not feel lonely in the meantime a book and a couple of toys were lying in the nursery.

To Harold it all seemed like a beautiful dream. When he was getting ready for bed that night he looked in the fire and said thoughtfully to his nurse, "Exactly how long

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A FRIEND of the late Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Metropolitan police magistrate, has just been telling me some things about him that warm one's heart to hear.

This kindly administrator of the law was at one time a Presbyterian minister. Someone once asked him why he gave up preaching and took to police-court work instead. His answer was that he believed he could render more practical service to the less fortunate among his fellow-creatures in the police-court than he could in the pulpit.

I think this may be correct. He may have realised that he had no special gift for preaching, whereas he certainly had a very marked gift of human sympathy and a shrewd insight into character.

His sense of humour was a great help to him on the Bench. He could always put himself in the place of the veriest rogue or wastrel who was brought before him, and frequently a gleam of mutual understanding would pass between him and the man whom he might be having to sentence to a term of imprisonment.

It is well known that he was held in affection by many of the social failures

he admonished from the Bench and who came to him afterwards for counsel and encouragement. They knew that he understood them and never talked down to them from a moral pedestal. They trusted him without trying to deceive him about their careers or culpability.

He was never hard on the utter down-and-out, because, as he often said, there was comparatively little between any of us and the position of the down-and-outs. He would thoroughly have enjoyed and probably agreed with Prebendary Carille's famous statement that the main difference between the respectable and the disreputable members of society was that the former were sinners who had not been found out.

One thing he never did. He never talked to a prisoner in the dock in such a way as to lower his self-esteem, though he often lashed a prosecutor with his ironic tongue. He made a practice of addressing the poorest wail of humanity as "Mr. So-and-so." He thought it made them straighten up a little and gather their rags of self-respect together.

I thoroughly agree with him in this, for I have noticed over and over again how a man who has sunk so low that you

would think he could not be insulted will respond to being treated as an equal.

If you talk down to him, he will perhaps cringe or whine or merely remain sullen or apathetic or hostile; but if you speak to him courteously as man to man he will pull himself together and behave for the time as the decent fellow he once was or might have been.

The deepest craving of social derelict or criminal is to be worthy of respect; and who are we to withhold it? The best of us is not so very good or wise.

That is why, I think, there have been so many tributes to Mr. Cairns from the ranks of those whose moral weakness has put them under the ban of the law. They felt he was a friend who acted in the spirit of Him Who said to a humiliated offender long ago: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

You could wear no brighter garland on your brow, reader, than the testimony that you are the kind of person to whom the self-condemned will turn in trouble, knowing that you will not make life harder for them, but will line up beside them on the path of hope and cheer.

Friendliness without patronage has saved many a soul from death.

FRIENDSHIP'S GARLAND

BIRD BABES

A Christmas Present that is a Real-Life Fairy Tale

were you wandering about on the face of the earth before you found your Mummy and Daddy?"

John is only three and a half, but he realises that opportunities in this world have to be snapped up.

A young married couple went to the Castlebar hostel a couple of weeks ago to choose a baby. They wanted a girl, fair and pretty. They had practically decided on one, but left the final decision for another visit.

When they arrived the second time the little girl cried and was reluctant to have anything to do with them.

John's offer

John saw his opportunity and took it. He walked straight up to them and said "I'd like to come home with you and be your little boy. I wouldn't cry." Is it necessary to add that John had found his parents? His Christmas stocking is sure to be a bulky one.

Then there is a plumber and his wife who wanted to adopt a little girl. They thought if she came to them at Christmas all the happy festivities might help her to settle down in her new home.

They had planned it all months ago—this foster "father" who has

built the child a beautiful doll's house in his spare time and made the furniture for it; while the foster "mother" has made the bedclothes, curtains, and dressed the dolls who are to be the inmates. It even has a fitted-in bath and a sink in the kitchen.

Very carefully it is stored away in the attic until this childless couple's two and a half-year-old "daughter" arrives in time for Christmas.

Among the Christmas rush of adopters are five clergymen and three doctors. One of the clergymen is a man of about thirty-five and his wife is thirty. He lives in a country village and his income is not very large. But they decided that this Christmas they must adopt a baby.

Still, it costs money to buy a complete baby outfit, and they both insisted that this little stranger must have everything of the best just as if it were their own child. So the husband sold his car and the money was spent on a nursery. Joyce is only eight months old, fair and pretty. But she is bringing more joy

into that home this Christmas than any money could buy.

And here is a Christmas story of the baby who did the adopting. A young couple quite well-to-do (the husband has an income of £2,000 a year) made up their minds to adopt a baby for Christmas.

They wanted a girl—fair hair, blue eyes, pretty. So they went to look at the babies. They saw dozens of the loveliest little girls.

Ugly duckling, but—

And then Derrick took a hand. He is eight months old, bonny and healthy, but, alas, plainer than all the others. Still, he was determined to show that personality counts in these times.

Whenever the wife was near his cot he would clutch her hand in a friendly manner. She didn't want to choose him a bit, but there was

something about him that tugged at her heartstrings. When she went into the room where he was she just had to ignore all the other babies, go up to him and pick him up. Finally, she got her brother, a Harley Street specialist, to come and give his opinion.

"Yes! Why not take him," the doctor said. "He's a fine healthy little chap. And looks aren't everything, anyway." Derrick had won.

The week before Christmas a pretty little girl just a year old will become the legal daughter of two titled people who belong to one of the most famous old families in England.

A fortune of thousands of pounds has been settled on her and a great feast of toys and presents prepared for Christmas.

And next Christmas her parents intend to give her as a present a little sister.



Blue Bird Babies—for somebody. A scene at the National Children's Adoption Association

The Human Machine

SWANK—and FACTS

IN a recent novel about Fleet Street an editor gave a young reporter some good advice: "Always give the other fellow a hearing," he said, "and never call a man a fool because his point of view differs from yours. You'll learn much more by listening to the other fellow's opinions than by contradicting them and trying to ram your own opinions down his neck. Discussion is good, but cheap missionaries are a pest to society."

Discussion—as opposed to acrimonious argument—is good because it seeks to find points of agreement, common ground on which both sides can stand in order to make a further advance. You can put it in another way if you like—it's always more profitable to make a friend than an enemy; and the one sure way to make friends is to be sympathetic, tolerant, and broad-minded.

Friendship implies mutual understanding and mutual aid. Nothing kills it quicker than pig-headed opposition.

There's nothing in the world worse than "cheap missionaries," people who, possessed of a little half-baked knowledge, set out to force everyone to think as they do, arrogantly claiming that they, and they alone, hold the key to Truth.

We none of us know very much when what we know is weighed in the balance with what there is to be learned; the wisest and best of us can claim no more than to have caught a glimpse of one or two of the many facets of truth.

We are too proud of that dangerous word "opinion." Why should what we think be more valuable than what others think? It may be—but that is not for us to say. Let us give our opinion by all means—as long as it is based on facts and not on mere swank—but, having given it, let us be content to wait for events to prove or disprove our worth.

Self-satisfaction is never safe; for the world has a nasty habit of sooner or later calling our bluff and asking for proof.

Servant Problem Solved—Perhaps!

CURIOUS that a mere man should be able to solve the domestic servant problem of Great Britain.

Yet one man has the solution in his pocket—that is, if his own claims and statements can be believed.

He is Captain Fred Russell, of Abinger Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick.

This ex-officer of the Royal Engineers is at present embarking on a scheme to establish no fewer than fifty domestic servant registry offices in London, and branch offices in every important town in the provinces.

How Captain Russell proposes to fulfil his promises is rather interesting. He does not intend to spend any of his own money, but is securing the necessary funds from people who are prepared to accept employment under him.

Recently he inserted advertisements in a number of newspapers, as under:

"Registry Office Staff (either sex) wanted for multiple chain of registry offices throughout London and the United Kingdom. General school education. Good wages. Progressive and permanent employment. Premium."

The premium which Captain Russell asks from applicants is £30, and for that he declares he will pay a salary of £3 a week, rising by 10s. increments every six months to £5 per week after two years, with a periodical bonus; office hours, from ten to four each day (no work on Saturdays), and a fortnight's holiday on full pay each year. It is

one of those propositions which sound too good to be true. Yet Captain Russell is convinced that he can carry out what he undertakes.

"I am not putting a penny of my own money into the scheme," Captain Russell confided to a recent caller, "but am getting the money from people who want jobs. I tell the people who come to me that they are paying the £30 for a job for life, and, if they don't like to hand me the money, they won't have the job. What is wrong with that? I know from my experience that each one of my registry offices will be making a profit after the first week."

Other planks in Captain Russell's astonishing programme are:

Formation of a domestic servants' protection society.

Parliamentary representation for domestic servants. Each by-election from now on to be contested.

State protection of servants (whatever that may mean).

He says he has written a book of no less length than a million words all about domestic servants, which he intends to publish in sixpenny parts, and declares that he is writing to the King for a foreword to his great work.

We think that we have said enough to put the fantastic idea of Captain Russell in its true perspective.

Any person who pays him £30 has only his own intelligence to blame.

WHO'S THAT ..

*eating the
Christmas decorations?*



EAT

MORE

FRUIT

- and keep fit

HOW good they look! Who can resist the appeal of lovely fresh fruit? . . . Crisp sweet Apples . . . golden, juicy Oranges . . . Pears that melt in the mouth . . . Grapes full of nature's tonic wine.

Fresh fruit cleans the palate, helps the digestion and makes the blood pure and healthy. It keeps you fit and in splendid spirits right through the Christmas holidays.

Encourage the children (if that is necessary!) to eat as much fruit as they jolly well can. And drink fruit, too. There is no orangeade or lemonade as full of goodness and flavour as that made with *real* oranges and lemons.

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to LEN HARVEY

You are a Champion with a BRAIN

MY DEAR LEN.—Well, in exactly an hour you made yourself the idol of millions of Britons. You were known before, of course. But in that one hour, because of the miracle of wireless, you became a national hero.

You see, wireless listeners had had described to them, almost blow by blow, a championship fight. And, told graphically, as the story was, by an eye-witness, millions of people almost saw you emerge, as though they were present, from the apparently beaten boxer of the first three or four rounds to a champion of Britain, forty minutes later.

Hitherto, only a few thousands of people had seen even the biggest fights. Before the war, in the National Sporting Club, it was only a few hundreds. Then fights went to the Albert Hall, and sometimes even to an open-air stadium. But, this time, millions sitting at home could imagine themselves in one of the ring-side seats.

Where their sympathies were, I cannot guess. Most, I expect, were on Petersen's side. I was on yours. Indeed, I was shouting, "Come on, Len," just as though I had actually been watching you.

The trouble was that both Petersen and you could not win. For the first time in the boxing history of our own lifetime, we had in the ring together, in the persons of Petersen and yourself, two really magnificent specimens of British manhood.

You were both known to the sporting public, not only as fine boxers, but as splendid men. No one had anything against either of you. In fact, your fight, two weeks ago, almost made amends for the long run of fiascos

which nearly all the heavy-weight contests for years had proved in the end.

Yours was a triumph of Ringcraft over Confidence. Petersen could not imagine that he could lose. You relied on your greater experience.

Well, I applaud you for one of those actions which mark the real sportsman.

When I met you, for the first time, only two months ago, you were desperate. You had won the middle-weight championship. You were cruiser champion. That marked the end of your career, you thought. You could not get a fight. You could not get into the "big money" class.

For, except for an occasional Jimmy Wilde, only heavy-weights make the big money in England. You wanted to fight Petersen. You had been trying to get the match for months. The British Boxing Board of Control would not listen.

"You are cruiser champion," they said. "You cannot fight a heavy-weight."

"I will give up my championship," you replied. "I will risk everything on a fight with Petersen."

I met you when you came to plead with my friend, Chris Towler, the Editor of *Sporting Life*, to ask his assistance. Your plea was given extensive publicity which resulted in the fight being arranged for you.

Then the public expected you would be beaten. Petersen had become an idol almost in the Bombardier Wells class. You, comparatively, were unknown, although you had fought in your career 350 ring battles.

You risked all on a great chance. And you won—yes, your third championship in one year, which is a record!

Now, I applaud your quiet confidence. There is no trace of boasting in it. It is merely the cold assurance of a man who has fought his way to the top by learning his job and persisting in spite of all. You have had no rich backer to put you on the map. "Publicity" has had little to do with your making. In fact, it is merely as a boxer of the finest type that you have reached the top.

Yes, millions of us now feel that we saw you win the championship. We went into your corner after every one of the fifteen rounds, with our eyes, as well as with our ears. When you went down in the first round, we thought that was the end of you.

But, inside your brain, there was working out a Plan. You had determined that Petersen should tire himself out attacking you. You made up your mind that you would make him wear himself down. You did.

Now, how long you will hold your championship, no one knows. Next May you will fight Petersen again, no doubt, this time to a much larger crowd than the one that crammed the Albert



Hall. Next time, Petersen may win. He is younger than you are. He will be wiser next time. He will remodel his plan of attack.

But, whichever one wins, Len, your place in boxing history is assured. Very bravely you took a great chance. And you won. Good luck to you!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Re. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON.—Out of every hundred Lancashire lads who try to enlist in the Territorials, says Sir Hugh Elles, nearly eighty are rejected because of poor physique, despite the low standard required.

And Sir William Coates says that if we spent as much on the development of the British race as on the breeding of horses and dogs, the story would be very different.

What a scathing commentary on our health services!

JOHN BULL.

Sir BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER,
Englefield Green, Surrey

DEAR SIR BRUCE.—You would like to see some slum owners made to live in their worst houses. So should I.

And we might make the false-economy fends go into the workhouse, bad employers be "sweated" themselves, lunacy bosses lodged in their own asylums, and the people who think that war is noble put into the front line of the first available war.

Impossible? Yes, more's the pity!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P.,
Wood Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR JOHN.—One of my oldest complaints is that a man may, through sheer spite, cut his wife and children out of his will and leave them without means of support.

You are bringing a Bill into Parliament to remedy this gross defect in English law, and I hope it receives the full support it deserves.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORACE MARSHALL,
Leeds Stipendiary

YOUR WORSHIP.—You blundered, and blundered badly, when you refused to allow the name of the prosecutor in a

blackmail case to be withheld. But when the same request was made to the assize judge who later dealt with the case, he said: "I think it is the proper course to be taken in cases of this sort."

Of course it is! And, despite your curious attitude, I shall still tell all victims of blackmailers to go to the police in the almost certain knowledge that their names will never be divulged in court.

JOHN BULL.

Provost BARROWMAN,
Bo'ness, Linlithgow

DEAR PROVOST.—"I had no fire. My wife and children were blue with cold; rain was running down the walls of my house," pleaded a man who was charged with stealing coal slag.

Within a few yards of his home were wagons of good coal, but he tramped to the slag heap to pick refuse—hardly the action of a thief.

I'm glad, then, that you let him go, but it's a pity he was ever charged.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. H. BROWN,
Abersychan, Monmouthshire

DEAR MR. BROWN.—Can it be that some of the people in your district are the pettiest thieves in the country?

For an inspector tells you that men climb the street lamp-posts and steal the gas-mantles to light their own houses!

I have heard of some pretty mean dodges, but this is really the limit.

JOHN BULL.

The RUGBY UNION SELECTORS,
Twickenham

DEAR SIRS.—I think you have made a mistake in selecting H. G. Owen-Smith as the full-back for the English XV. in the Trial game at Falmouth on Saturday.

Owen-Smith, I agree, is a great athlete and the best full-back in England

just now. But you cannot get away from the fact that he is a South African, and has played for South Africa against England in Test cricket.

A man who plays "Rugger" for England should be English through and through.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. MILLER,
Wimborne, Dorset

DEAR CORONER.—The verdict you returned at a recent inquest was unusual, but very sensible.

A brilliant schoolboy had taken poison while depressed and in bad health. To pronounce the usual "Suicide while of unsound mind" would have meant a stigma on the dead boy and added agony for his parents, so you wisely stated the causes instead.

I wish all coroners had your sympathy and common-sense.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. C. LONGSTAFF,
Hull Chamber of Commerce

DEAR SIR.—To a proposal that young foreigners should be given scholarships, you said it would be more helpful for British youths to study foreign methods abroad rather than pay for foreigners to come here.

Your colleagues agreed, and so do I. To invite people here to learn our trade secrets is just suicidal.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HODGSON,
Mayor of Richmond, Yorks

DEAR MADAM.—"I am sorry," you told the reporters, and I'm sure you meant it.

A large contract for water supply was due for discussion at the usual public meeting of the council, but several members were horrified by such openness, and you had to order the reporters to leave.

You evidently feel that hole-and-corner methods are obsolete, and I'll wager that your citizens agree with you.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Manchester

GENTLEMEN.—You did an important public service by dismissing the summons against young Albert Underwood.

For it was alleged that by giving up a job because he thought certain conditions had not been fulfilled, he was "willfully refusing to maintain himself or his family"—though his first act was to get another job.

Had you believed this nonsense the clock would have been put back a hundred years—to the Vagrancy Act of 1824, in fact, under which the stupid proceedings were brought.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STUART DEACON,
Liverpool Stipendiary

DEAR SIR.—I'm not surprised you exclaimed, "Good heavens!" when told that a woman moneylender charged 600 per cent. interest.

You fined her £30, and I hope you will carry out your threat to imprison her if she commits any further offence.

Something of that sort is needed to deter these usurious pests.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS WILLIAMS,
Somerset Street, Llandudno

TRICKSTER.—You not only drew the "dole" while working as a farm labourer, but had the impudence to ask for time off to sign the register!

I fear that if a few unemployed men had been on the Bench you would have got an even stiffer penalty than seven days in jail.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. K. W. P. TEALE,
Wiveliscombe, Somerset

DEAR VICAR.—"If you are out for justice, I am with you," you have told a meeting of objecting tithe-payers.

No man could say more. I wish more of your cloth had the courage and fairness to say it.

JOHN BULL.

BUY WISELY

ARMY CLUB

THE BEST OF THE SHILLING CLASS—BUT

20 for 10¹/₂^D

*Splendid value in the old days at 20 for 1'—
Extraordinary value now at 20 for only 10¹/₂^D*

FULL SIZE
FULL WEIGHT
FULL QUALITY

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS



Decorated tins of fifty, packed ready for the post, 2¹/₂



Flying a DANGEROUS KITE

IF it is true, as the *Daily Herald* says, that "legislation to compel the reorganisation of every big industry is likely to be introduced into Parliament early in the New Year," it means that Mr. Walter Elliot is the master spirit of the Government and has been given his head.

It is not surprising. Just as Sir Stafford Cripps is emerging as the inspiration of the Labour Party, so Mr. Elliot is becoming the "big noise" in the Conservative Party.

In the country of the blind, it is said, the one-eyed man is king, and Mr. Elliot is anything but one-eyed. He is a man of remarkable energy and great gifts, and, though he is as little like the traditional Conservative as a Fabian Socialist can be, he has become the driving wheel of the Government in domestic affairs.

Destroying competition

In his way he is as revolutionary as Sir Stafford. He aims at the national control of industry, and having experimented with the Agricultural Marketing Act, he proposes to reorganise all the industries of the country on "big business" lines.

His position is that if industry will not voluntarily adjust itself to the new conditions of the world, it must be compelled to do so, and a fortnight ago he announced that the Government would ask for "sanction for wide and sweeping changes in the economic structure of the country. We shall be forced to do so," he said, "by the necessity for economic planning."

I gather from a speech at Manchester by Sir Felix Pole, who is one of the champions of the policy of "planning," that the day of competitive industry is done. Big business under national control is sweeping the world, and if we are to hold our place in the struggle we must adopt the big business methods, too.

Let the Government pass an enabling Act, he said, under which each basic industry would be compulsorily amalgamated into a sort of guild, which would cut out competition, close down inefficient and redundant firms, control large scale buying, and administer the marketing and sale of the products.

The idea is not nationalisation. It is the application of the principle of the London Transport Board or the Port of London Authority to industry.

Would it work?

When the Transport Board was formed all competition was cut out. Every pirate bus came under the control of the Board, which functions under statutory authority. It is not a State-owned institution. It is not even a State-managed institution. But it works under the authority of the State and within limits prescribed by the State. It is ultimately responsible to Parliament.

No one doubts the efficiency of this system in relation to public utilities. It makes the public interest the first condition of service. It limits profits, cuts out the mischievous activities of the private adventurer, and assures labour a square deal.

But is the system applicable to industries like coal, cotton, wool, iron and steel, and shipbuilding?

In the case of public utilities there is no external competition. The London

buses do not have to compete with opposition from Japan, America, Germany or France. Our gas and electrical undertakings are not challenged by foreign competition. They do not need protection against rivals from without and they manufacture nothing for export abroad.

The position of the great manufacturing industries is entirely different. Competition is the essence of their life. They have to compete with foreign imports at home and they have to compete with foreign rivals abroad. They have no monopoly such as the public utility services enjoy. If they cannot produce as cheaply and efficiently as their competitors they go under.

And the question is whether in this warfare voluntary enterprise has had its day and the whole industry of the country should be consolidated into Big Business federations operating under State sanction. In other words, is internal competition in industry to be abolished in order that we may more efficiently fight the competition of the foreigner both at home and abroad?

Crippled industries

That is the issue which is involved in Mr. Elliot's "wide and sweeping changes in the economic structure of the country." Let us look at the facts on which he bases his case for the momentous revolution that he proposes.

It is common ground that the British basic industries have been alarmingly stricken since the war. Cotton, coal, iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding have all suffered shattering losses. Much of this is due to the chaotic condition of the world which will pass some day.

But more is due to definite causes



The revolutionary Conservative — Mr. Walter Elliot, youngest Cabinet Minister, who is becoming the "big noise" of his Party

which will not pass. Nations which were our customers before the war are our competitors to-day. Markets of which we had a monopoly have passed to others.

Eastern menace

Our Indian trade has wilted away, our Chinese trade is vanishing. Japan is flooding the world with goods so cheap that no tariff can keep them out. The cult of Nationalism is rampant, and every country is closing its doors against the imports of other countries. The decline of world trade has put half the shipping of this country into cold storage, and shipbuilding is a derelict trade.

It is not to be denied that one of the chief features of this world-wide attack on British commerce is the part which governments are taking in industry. Japan's astonishing success is not due only to low wages, the low exchange and the admirable organisation of her industry. It is due, also, to the fact that the Government is hand-in-glove with Big Industry, subsidises its activities, gives it cheap transport, scours the world for new markets.

Or take the case of shipping. British shipping has been hit by the collapse

of world trade. But not by that alone. It is being driven off the seas by the competition, not of private enterprise, but of State-subsidised ships. To-day, France, Germany and Italy all outdistance us in the Atlantic with ships built by Government money and maintained by public money.

Much the worst foe of British shipping is America, which, angry at having to depend on British bottoms for the transport of its armies across the Atlantic during the war, has spent tens of millions on its mercantile marine and is driving us out of business even on the Australian and New Zealand routes with subsidised ships.

But, while appreciating all this, does it follow that the State control of industry is the right reply? It is the State subsidies, more than the State control, which do the mischief, and I cannot conceive that any Government will enter on the fatal expedient of spoon-feeding industry out of the taxpayers' bowl. If one industry is fed, all would have a claim to be fed, and the end would be bankruptcy. Nor do I think that even America will be able much longer to finance this mad form of competition.

Mustn't plunge

Sooner or later the plague of Nationalism will pass and the business of the world will return to a business footing. Then the country which has refused to gamble with its finances in order to get business that doesn't pay will come out on top. And do not let us forget that, bad as things are, we have so far weathered the storm better than any country in the world.

This does not mean that there is not much that the State can do to combat the attack on British commerce. But it does mean that we should not plunge into a grandiose "planning" revolution of British industry without the gravest examination and the utmost proof that we are not leaving the frying-pan for the fire.

Not from the B.B.C.—Santa Claus speaks, from inside information, on

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And ev'ry year it brings
Its due allowance of good cheer
And less consoling things—
For instance, my most thankless job
Of choosing presents for a mob!

When grown-ups fail to notify
Their wishes, oft I've racked
My brains to know just what to buy;
I've used up tons of tact
Persuading some fat-headed spouse
To show a minimum of nous!

Even then, his wife has sometimes sniffed;
And so I'm bucked to know
That husbands are to have a Gift
Advisory Bureau—
A scheme deserving loud applause
From all—including Santa Claus!

It is taken for granted that the whiteness of my hair and whiskers is due to old age, but can anyone remember when they were not white? They can't; for the simple reason that worry turned them white the very first year I functioned as O.C. Christmas Gifts.

There is no need to ask why Santa Claus is so well disposed toward children. It is because they know what they want and let me know, thus making my job very much easier.

Of course, I can't guarantee to place a

YULE LOG-ROLLING

motor-car in the stocking of every youngster who asks for one; but the request gives me something to go on, and I know that any vehicle made of tin, brightly painted and provided with four wheels, will do for the time being.

Adults, unfortunately, are less communicative. The result is that many a merry Christmas has been marred by a wife's receipt of something her innocent spouse had assumed was the latest thing in hats, but which, in reality, was fully a fortnight behind the fashion!

Such domestic tragedies should be less frequent now that a London store has opened a Husbands' Christmas Gifts Advisory Bureau—an idea which will doubtless be followed elsewhere.

A man embarking on the agonising adventure of Christmas shopping, which so often causes him to take on the aspect of a congenital idiot, need only consult the Bureau to obtain a list of presents suitable for wives, mothers-in-law or other strained relations.

All the same, it is doubtful if the Bureau can be conspicuously helpful to a man who hasn't the remotest idea what

size gloves his wife takes and is vague about the colour of her eyes, or to the wife—oh, yes, there is a Wives' Bureau also—who knows her husband has lost one of his golf clubs, but is not certain whether it is the birdie or the bogey.

So, all things considered, the best way of preventing Yuletide discord in the home would probably be a scheme like that hinted at in a plea which a much-tried husband has addressed to his wife:

My darling, I cast no reflection
On presents received in the past;
To neckties I have no objection,
And yours, dearest, certainly last!
The one that you gave me, so sweetly,
Last Christmas, is not a scrap torn;
Its shape it has kept so completely,
You'd think it had never been worn!

When you ask if I'm still fond of smoking,
Some rather grim memories you stir!
And really, my pet, I'm not joking
In saying I'd greatly prefer

That you buy this Christmas, for me, dear,
Silk stockings—the best in the shop!
I'll buy you cigars, don't you see, dear,
And then we can swop!

"SKYSCRAPER RADIO"

What greater gift for any home?

ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING TO BUILD
70 STATIONS TO CHOOSE FROM
CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

GREAT LISSEN CONSTRUCTIONAL CHART TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW!

FIRSTLY, there is the absorbing interest of watching the "Skyscraper" develop under your own hands from a box of parts to a clean, glistening, all-metal radio receiver. THEN the thrill of trying it out—of bringing in stations you have never heard before—of being able to pick any programme you like from your Christmas newspapers and bring it in with certainty—of dancing all Christmas if you like to bands from the ends of Europe.

Lissen have published a Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—you are told exactly what to do—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with **COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS** undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALLISED S.G. HIGH MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

This Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened Grid Valve. High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?

You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON below direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT on Gradual Payment Terms.

"Skyscraper" Chassis Kit, complete with Valves. CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

"Skyscraper" Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. CASH. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER **£6.5s** with 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6



COMPLETE WITH VALVES **89/6** OR 8/6 DOWN AND 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 7/6 EACH

To LISSEN LTD., Publicity Dept., ISLEWORTH. Please send me FREE copy of your "SKYSCRAPER" 3 Chart. /B 1034

NAME ADDRESS

ASK YOUR DEALER OR POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE CHART

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" 3 KIT

The "Present" time is very near



IN CHRISTMAS PACKINGS

DECORATED BOXES OF
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

50.....2/6
100.....4/10
150.....7/3
100 in 20s 4/9½

PLAYER'S MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
4 OZ. TIN 4/4

Give

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. Ltd Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd

He can read the hidden significance in every mystic symbol heaven and earth hold no secrets from him. Can you believe that?

A PLUNDERING PROFESSOR EXPOSED

Great New SWEEPSTAKE SPOOF



Professor Walmsley, "world-famous astrologer, mystic and specialist in numerology," sees winners in the stars

which portrays him as a cross between Father Christmas, complete with a crescent moon over his head, and Uncle Sam, complete with a goatee beard and horn-rimmed spectacles!

Judged by his letters, Professor Walmsley has more of Yankee bluff in his mental make-up than of the benevolence of Santa Claus.

In a letter to one of our readers at Reading, the Professor writes as follows:

"Dear Sir,—

"I have recently purchased a number of names and addresses of people who are interested in Astrology, and I have found yours amongst them.

"Having gone carefully through your horoscope, and finding it a most interesting one, I am taking the liberty of writing to you and enclosing a brief summary of some of the things I can clearly read about you."

Having whetted the interest in this fashion, Professor Walmsley goes on to say that, having gone through the Planetary and Zodiacal positions calculated from the time of birth, he foresees many important happenings.

A kindly soul

In fact, he can foresee circumstances that will eventuate in either tremendous benefit, or, alternatively, disaster.

Thus he appears to offer good fortune in one hand and dire disaster in the other. But he is a kindly soul, as he proves in his next paragraph:

"As a matter of fact," he adds, "there is a golden opportunity which will present itself to you some time during the next three months, but until I have made further and deeper calculations, I cannot give you the exact date."

But Professor Walmsley is nothing if not willing, and, with a little encouragement, he will make those "further and deeper calculations."

To encourage the Professor, it is necessary to send him a fee, ranging from five shillings for a year's reading, ten shillings for a five-year reading, or twenty shillings for a complete life reading.

For the latter sum he will include even the date of your death, but he is careful to add that he will not give this

rather important date unless it is particularly asked for.

By this time this Parisian oracle of the planets is fairly in his stride, and his circular letter becomes almost lyrical in its intensity.

The golden door

"A fortune lies behind a door," continues the Professor in his most dramatic manner. "Only I can open that door for you."

"I see it plainly. It is written unmistakably in your horoscope, and for the sake of a little money now, you can become the possessor of riches in a few months, provided you do the things I tell you to."

"I don't know whether you will be surprised to hear that I have assisted thousands of people in this way, and I am inundated with letters of thanks and praise from people who have listened to me and have gone on to make fortunes and live wonderfully happy lives."

We can only interject here that we are certainly surprised to hear this startling news.

However, this star-gazer now comes down to earth and mentions the question of his fees, and fires his final volley:

"Don't wait another minute. Have faith," says this expert in extracting fees.

"Any day now may mean the turn of the tide for you, with a life of glorious success. Send me your order at once, and I will guarantee you a happy and successful future."

So, Professor Walmsley winds up his flamboyant appeal, that is addressed to anybody who may prove foolish enough to part with fees which will assure the successful future of nobody except himself.

Such generosity!

He then offers, as an extra inducement, a "tremendous" free gift to all his clients.

It appears that five hundred Irish Sweepstake tickets are offered free, and the client is promised a share in the winnings from these tickets if the horoscope is purchased within seven days.

These winnings can easily amount to £100,000, says the Professor, and we might add that they might quite as easily amount to exactly nothing.

But there is no limit to the Professor's generosity. He also offers one hundred tickets in the French National Lottery:

"The lucky numbers of the tickets to be bought are being worked out astrologically in an endeavour to secure not only the first prize of 5,000,000 francs, but also the many other prizes of 1,000,000 francs."

This is a prize example of the Professor's humbug.

Seldom have we seen such a collection of balderdash as is offered in the literature with which Professor Walmsley is now flooding this country.

It is of special interest to note that Professor Walmsley sends out a special

reading to each client. But our growing dossier shows that readers in all parts of the country have received exactly the same reading.

From all this it will be seen that Professor Walmsley, of Rue de Ponthieu, Paris, is a complete charlatan.

His methods are those of a rogue who preys on the credulity of people to extract fees on the strength of his promises to lead them to fortune, which he so glibly hints is "behind that door."

Don't be bluffed

At the moment he has launched this gigantic campaign, no doubt, in the hope that he will catch the public in responsive mood.

To thousands who are experiencing bad fortune, if not actual poverty, his promises of prosperity may have an hypnotising effect.

"Fortune favours the brave; send your order at once and reap a rich harvest," urges this self-styled Professor.

We can only urge our readers not to send this professor of bluff a Christmas gift in the shape of fees for his worthless horoscopes. He is clearly a charlatan to be avoided.

When Tragedy Came His Way

LIVING down in South Wales is a distinguished journalist whose work has brought him face to face with tragedy in all its forms.

One day it has been a pit disaster; another, a railway accident; and often some grim tragedy confined to one house only, but none the less heart-breaking to the family concerned on that account.

"Misfortune is something that befalls other people." We all have that feeling. Yet he, so often a spectator of it, must have felt it more strongly than the average man.

Then one day tragedy, of which he had written so much, came home to him.

Hearing screams from his kitchen, he raced in to find his maid with her clothing aflame. To save her life would need the courage that he had described in others.

In a second he was beating the flames out with his hands—those hands so essential to his livelihood. And when he had finished, when the girl's life was safe, it was obvious he would be incapacitated for a long time.

Now this journalist's position was such that this meant no financial crisis in his life. Nevertheless, he was delighted to receive a cheque in respect of his injuries—all because he had filled up a form such as you will find to-day on page 4.

He was delighted because there existed such a boon for people to whom the money would be a godsend.

Now he is back at his duties. Other people's tragedies come his way again, people far less able than he to live through hours of domestic crisis.

How many of them have safeguarded themselves by signing the form to which you are now about to turn?

ARE YOU A MUG?

HOMEWORK advertisements have recently appeared in which a concern called American Mushroom Industries, Ltd., of Toronto, Canada, and of 60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., makes surprising offers.

It is proclaimed that experts from across the Atlantic have discovered opportunities for the founding of a successful and profitable business in the British Isles.

Growing mushrooms at home is the singular proposition put forward, and as several readers have sought our advice a few details will be of value.

Booklets and leaflets issued from Buffalo, New York, and from Toronto, extol the advantages to be gained in what is described as "an interesting and money-making spare-time occupation."

* * *
Anybody with a cellar can grow mushrooms. It seems; financial backing is unnecessary. American Mushroom Industries, Ltd., is ready to furnish infor-

mation and assist growers to market their produce.

An order form, enclosed with the literature mentioned, is backed with a special price-list for the spawn required.

Enough to plant fifty square feet can be obtained for 17s. 6d., and sufficient for 500 square feet is available in return for £4 10s.

All cheques and postal orders, the instructions read, can be sent by ordinary post to No. 60, Chancery Lane, W.C.

* * *
But we are not enamoured of the possibilities of making the "handsome income" which Mr. D. W. Lossee, of Canada, who is described as the president, would have us believe is being made by thousands all over the United States.

American Mushroom Industries, Ltd., is a Canadian company, and the office boasted in Chancery Lane, London, is merely an accommodation address.

"All the makings of a merry party"

Mackintosh's
Everybody's Favourites

STOP THAT COLD
with



"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex".

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stiffness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
V104

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA

Sufferers from bronchial asthma get quicker relief from Vapo-Cresolene inhalation. Soothes at once. Restores normal breathing and induces restful sleep. Drugless, simple, easy to use. Complete directions with every bottle. For 54 years the proved vapour treatment for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Of all Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene
Quickly brings relief.

Send for Booklet No. 6A, "It is a real Help."
ALLEN & HASEBURY, LTD.,
87D, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

**Throat
Sore?**
You need

**Allenburys
PASTILLES**

Your Chemist
stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins

2-ozs. 8d. 4-ozs. 1/3

**It will cost
You Nothing**

to find out how you can make sure of a comforting income or capital sum when you want to take things a little easier. Provide for your future comfort, happiness and independence by filling in the coupon in the Pearl Assurance Co.'s Advt. on page 20.



Our Mellowdrama's splendid police
When husky throats disturb the peace,
Direct you where your "ticklings" cease.

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2 1/2 D. Per ounce
In Flat tins 2d. & 6d.
ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

Home, Terrible Home

A NIGHTMARE HAVEN OF THE AGED

ALL Britain should rise up in horror at the ghastly conditions which prevail at the Public Assistance Institution of Thakeham, a tiny village in Sussex, three miles from the small township of Storrington, hidden away in the South Downs.

Officially the institution is classed as a home for aged people.

It is really the worst Poor Law establishment in the country.

With that modern habit of disguising a workhouse by a pleasant name, the Thakeham Institution is called "The Pines." That is because of its desirable situation in a wooded lap of the Sussex Downs.

Actually, it is an institution so terrible in many of its features that most people will find it hard to believe that such conditions can exist in England to-day.

It was built originally as a house of detention for French prisoners of the Napoleonic wars, and it has scarcely been altered from its first conception.

Ill-equipped

Indeed, there is no prison in the country so ill-found as this public assistance institution.

Sixty old people, many of them ailing, some of them very near to the end of their days exist there under conditions which are a terrible indictment of public administration.

A great square block of buildings is the institution; stone walls eight feet in thickness; high narrow window lights, and bleak corridor rooms.

Comfort is a word which could never be associated with such a building.

There is, at this public assistance institution, no adequate supply of water.

There is no modern system of sanitation.

There is no illumination for the "home" except that of inefficient oil lanterns and candles.

Every pint of water which is needed has to be raised by the manual labour of so-called able-bodied inmates, struggling at hand pumps from a well.

The pumps cannot meet requirements, for the wells run dry. So it is that additional water has actually to be bought!

It is carried in barrels on a horse cart at the cost of six shillings a day!

Often the water is insufficient for decent sanitation, and inadequate for the supply of baths and ordinary washing.

In these circumstances we are not surprised to find that constant protests have been made about the conditions by Dr. A. J. Head, the medical officer.

He has condemned the services of the institution root and branch. His written

Thakeham Institution—originally a place of detention for French prisoners of the Napoleonic wars. Inset: Dust-bins and old milk-churns have to be pressed into service for water storage!

reports emphasise the danger to health in the existing conditions, and cry aloud for remedy.

Yet nothing is done.

From the medical point of view, the institution is intolerable. It is the only place within a wide area to which emergency cases can be brought, and there are no facilities for scientific medical treatment.

Imagine the horror of such a case as this, which recently happened:

An old woman, who lived alone in a farmhouse cottage, was discovered by the police, lying on her bed unconscious and obviously gravely ill.

An overdose

She was carried by motor ambulance to the Thakeham Institution for immediate attention, as there was reason to suppose that an overdose of some sleeping mixture had been taken.

When she arrived at the institution there was no secluded ward for her reception. So she had to be placed in a bed in the ordinary ward for women.

Will it be believed that the only



illumination in that ward was one small glimmering oil lantern with reflector, hanging on the wall?

For hours the doctor worked in an effort to save the patient. The workhouse master stood by his side supplying some small extra light from a little pocket electric torch. A nurse held the oil lantern.

In such gruesome, half-lit surroundings, with the other aged inmates of the sick ward hearing everything that was done behind a screen, the operation to save a dying woman was carried on.

Is it to be wondered at that, in spite of the doctor's efforts and the assistance he received from members of the staff, the patient died?

Imagine the terrible handicap such appalling conditions imply in any emergency. In one case, where the

patient was stricken with pneumonia, an essential medical examination had to be carried out by the light of a pocket electric torch and the glow of a flickering hurricane lantern.

On occasions women are brought to the institution and are delivered of children under the same ghastly conditions.

The medical officer, the master, the matron and the members of the staff do everything they possibly can for the patients and inmates; they struggle against intolerable odds, and are broken-hearted to think that all their efforts are frustrated because of the dreadful conditions under which they must work.

Other complaints

Even ordinary life in the institution must be a nightmare. In the high light of noon-day the corridors and the staircases are so dark as to be a danger to the able-bodied, let alone to the aged and infirm, for whom it is supposed to represent "home."

No light; no central heating; no adequate washing facilities; bare stone passages; unwarmed dormitories!

What a terrible haven for the aged and stricken poor!

And the authorities cannot plead complete ignorance. Their attention has been drawn to some of the conditions at the Thakeham Institution on more than one occasion.

Mr. F. R. Cripps, a representative of Worthing, had some sharp comments to make about the institution at the last meeting of the West Sussex County Council.

He described how medical attention had to be rendered to patients at Thakeham, and declared with truth:

"Those are the conditions of a battlefield, and not of an institution owned by a wealthy council."

"They are the conditions under which Florence Nightingale worked, not the conditions of medical treatment to-day."

Water drawn from the pumps of the institution, he said, was not even fit to drink. It was muddy and gritty—altogether unsuitable.

No excuse

What a strange picture of Poor Law administration is here presented. What an indictment!

Sixty old people living in this prison sepulchre!

And within half a mile of the institution is a main water supply. Only a small expenditure and the water could be carried to the workhouse.

Less than a mile away, also, are electric light and power cables. They could be carried to the institution at little labour, and for the payment of £100 the whole building could be lighted.

But the authorities move with appalling sluggishness, and the lives and happiness of the aged paupers of the county suffer in consequence.

We suggest that inspectors of the Ministry of Health should pay an immediate visit to "The Pines," and that they should insist that this ghastly establishment be immediately brought to the standard of common decency and humanity.

Your LAST Chance!

The response to JOHN BULL's Christmas gift offer has exceeded all expectations.

Whilst special arrangements have been made which will ensure that all further applications received up to and including first post Friday, December 22, will be despatched before Christmas, readers are advised to apply at once and so avoid a last-minute rush, and thereby ease the pressure on our staff.

The "Buy-a-Business" Trick

DO you want a GENUINE business of YOUR OWN? Easy terms. — Universal Developments, Ltd., 35, Gt. James-st., Bedford Row, W.C.1.

This advertisement is frequently appearing in daily newspapers.

It gives the impression that Universal Developments, Ltd., has excellent businesses for sale, and that it will arrange finances for any purchase.

Really the advertisement is just a lure to catch the unwary.

People who write to Universal Developments, Ltd., in reply to that advertisement receive a form of letter as follows:

"We are in a position to negotiate the necessary finance to purchase an approved business. Advances are arranged, repayments of which can be spread over a period as long as 10 years at the low interest charge of 6 per cent. per annum payable on the outstanding amount each year."

"Upon your submitting to us brief

particulars of the proposition you desire, stating the amount of capital you require, it will be necessary for our accountant to visit the said business immediately and ascertain all details that we may have a full report of the proposition for which the finance is required.

"The only charge you are called upon to pay on submitting a business to us is the small sum of three guineas (this being for a business priced not more than £500) to defray part cost of the investigation. We shall be pleased to quote you our investigation charges for businesses above the £500 figure if required."

After that, a client who continues with Universal Developments, Ltd., soon finds out that he has been caught. All that this company of "accountants and financial consultants"—to quote its letter heading—requires is fees.

True, it will examine any business laid before it, but it more often than not reports unfavourably on such propositions. Its invariable practice is to say in effect: "We cannot recommend the business and therefore we cannot pro-

ceed with the matter of finance." Quite simple and business-like; highly profitable for Universal Developments, Ltd., and desperately disappointing for the client, who is minus the fees charged him for the so-called investigation, and is still as far away as ever from the business he desires.

Hundreds of poor people, who can ill afford to subsidise Universal Developments, Ltd., with fees ranging from three guineas upwards, have parted with money in this way.

It is, of course, only the implied promise of financial assistance which leads these people to communicate with Universal Developments, Ltd.

We are glad to know that a number of reputable agents, who specialise in the sale of businesses, are banding together with the object of taking certain proceedings to restrain the activities of companies which practise this form of fee-snatching.

FIELD'S BOYS SHINE WHEREVER THEY GO!



Tom says its excellent for keeping hair tidy. 3^d a targetin: 6^d the magnum size. They don't overcharge for Field's Lavender Solidified Brilliantine.

SOLID BRILLIANTINE

LIQUID BRILLIANTINE

Scurf is untidy. John keeps his hair smart and in condition with a 6^d bottle of Field's Lavender liquid brilliantine. It goes a long way.



William once known as scarecrow to familiars is a walking contradiction of his nickname. Field's Lavender Hair Cream for unruly hair at 6^d keeps his hair smart and healthy.

HAIR CREAM

SHAVING STICK SHAVING CREAM

Whichever you prefer you'll get bags of lather and real shaving pleasure from Field's Lavender. Sticks or large tubes. 6^d "Try it" says Bob.



For Martin, the hiker, Field's Lavender talcum powder prevents tired feet. It's also luxurious for after shaving and massage. 6^d buys a big tin. Smaller tins 3^d

TALCUM POWDER

DENTAL CREAM

Even if you haven't got Ronald's film star smile, good teeth are important to health. Field's Dental Cream is a cheap protection at 6^d for a large size tube.



Field's Lavender is the soapiest of soaps! Plenty of rich cleansing lather that leaves you refreshed. 3^d tablets or magnum size bath cakes 6^d

TOILET SOAP

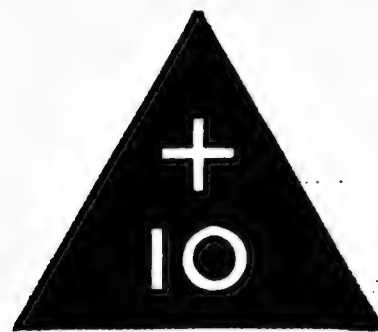
Join Field's Savings Club right now, by purchasing Field's Lavender Products at Chemists, Boots, Timothy Whites, Stores, and Woolworths. Manufactured by J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E.1.

FIELD'S

3^d LAVENDER SERIES 6^d

FOR MEN

Greenly's



ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

Why not retire early and take a new lease of life?

How frequently you see people working just that extra year or so too long—then becoming suddenly "old"—and perhaps failing completely in health.

Here is a simple and effective method of getting a fresh impetus and a new interest in life at the right time—effect a "Pearl" Endowment Policy and obtain benefits such as these:—

FOR YOURSELF

£1,000 plus bonuses at age 60; with this an annuity could then be bought, if desired.

FOR YOUR DEPENDENTS

£1,000 plus bonuses in the event of your death before age 60.

INCOME TAX ABATEMENT MAY ALSO BE OBTAINED.

An enquiry will incur no obligation. Use the form provided.

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

TO THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....

at age..... My age next birthday will be.....

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

(10) J.B. 16-12-33.

Just a minute, please!

That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 5. You're bound to find something of interest or value there.

FOR THE KIDDIES PARTY:
A LOT OF
NUTTALL'S MINTOES
PER GR 4^d

GRAVES RED FOX FURS
Magnificent Natural Red Fox Animal
Fur with deep full grown fur in rich
colouring and exquisite lustre. Hand
somely modelled and trimmed with large
brush and a natural paw. Lined Art.
silk, complete with corded chain, snap,
and hook fastener. Approx. size 50in x 7in.
Price 25/- or 3/- monthly Full Approval.
Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Wrap
Ties, Coats, Costumes, Trimmings, etc., Post Free
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Building "Boss" of STRAW

—Housing Crash Warning to Investors

WEEKLY INFORMATION from
Sir Wyndham Childs

For his latest building venture, Snazelle sought to operate in the Bourne End district of the Thames

GREAT schemes for the development of building estates in a most attractive part of the valley of the Thames have failed.

An order made by Mr. Justice Maugham in the Chancery Court recently for the winding-up of a company called Bourne End Estates, Ltd., marks the official end of this project.

Behind the scenes of this company collapse, I find, lies an unpleasant story. It concerns the activities of an elderly man by the name of Oswald Harry Snazelle, who describes himself as an estate and land agent, and who was the principal figure in the unfortunate business.

In the summer of last year Bourne End Estates, Ltd., was established and registered at Somerset House with a capital of £2,000.

The first move of the company was to purchase the old-established concern of Clifton Beare and Co., estate agents, of the Parade, Bourne End, Bucks.

After that Oswald Harry Snazelle, the managing director, began his operations.

He advertised in a national daily newspaper for "branch managers." The condition of their employment was an investment of £300, in return for

which they would be taught the business.

Several young men swallowed the bait. They were interviewed by Snazelle, who talked in fulsome terms of two different estates which the company was to develop—one at Marlow and one at "Northern Heights," Bourne End.

At least six individuals paid over their money to Snazelle and the company for engagement and a chance of the handsome returns which were to come from Bourne End Estates.

Various directors subscribed other amounts.

Sub-offices were opened at High Wycombe, Cookham, and Slough. The whole affair looked excellent when described in the word pictures of Oswald Harry Snazelle.

Salaries unpaid

But the estate development has never developed. The company has struggled on doing a small business in rent-collecting and house-letting, but the "big idea" remains a phantasy.

Within the short space of eighteen months the company was insolvent on the showing of Snazelle. The money invested had blown into the winds, and he was owing salary to some of his managers.

Trouble accumulated, and at two of

the company's offices the furniture was seized and sold on account of rent which was due.

Business closed down in October, and in November Snazelle, as a creditor against the company, lodged the petition to the High Court for the winding up of Bourne End Estates, Ltd.

At this stage the position was: The company was insolvent. Investors had lost their money, and the branch managers were without employment. What Snazelle had gained from the wreck in the way of "salvage" only he was in a position to state.

The "Jonah man"

Investigation shows that he has worked the same financial "ramp" on several occasions in the past.

Snazelle is a kind of "Jonah man" to small companies. The people who entrust money to him always suffer, but he escapes by his cunning devices.

According to evidence given when he was passing through the Bankruptcy Court, Snazelle has had a strangely chequered business career.

He was born at Sydenham in 1870, and when he began to earn his own living was employed as an auctioneer's clerk. Then he went for a time to Australia, where he carried on an occupation as an estate agent.

When he returned to England he traded in various estate agencies unsuccessfully, and was employed for several years at Feltham Aerodrome.

Leaving Feltham, he established another business which he later sold to the Property and Business Association, Ltd., a company which ended in liquidation.

Other companies with which he was

associated prominently have also failed, leaving the investors sadder, wiser and poorer.

During his bankruptcy examination he admitted debts to the extent of £21,000, and assets of only a few hundred pounds.

Throughout much of his life Snazelle has been linked with failure, and always his partners and supporters have suffered.

Few, if any, of his schemes have been trustworthy and sound. He is a kind of professional sponger, who gains money by imposing on the credulity of others.

His age now entitles him to un-honoured retirement.

It is a public scandal that a man of the unhappy financial record of Oswald Harry Snazelle should be able to embark on speculative projects with other people's money.

This case of Bourne End Estates, Ltd., proves the necessity for some kind of professional registry—under adequate supervision and safeguards—of this class of undertaking.

WIRELESS WANGLE

PEOPLE who take houses on new housing estates should be on their guard against a clever rogue who has hit upon a most ingenious and up-to-date plan of plunder.

He was in the neighbourhood of Coulsdon the other day, and, knocking at the door of a newly-occupied house, politely asked for an interview.

Mentioning the name of one of the most famous firms in the wireless industry, he stated that he was the area superintendent for the district and had decided to call personally to try to further the firm's business.

He quickly discovered that the occupant of the new house had no wireless set, and, displaying attractive literature, he eventually secured an order.

The householder was delighted when told that special concessions were being made where all new houses were concerned.

Then he played his card—a small cash payment on account must be given with order, as some people sometimes tried to "cry off."

He obtained a payment, retired gracefully—and that was the end of the transaction.

Incidentally he gave his name appropriately as "M. Sparks." He is certainly dropping his sparks everywhere—hence this little warning.

H. G. Wells and Our Readers

JOHN BULL again calls the attention of its readers to the remarkable presentation offer made in *The Passing Show*, out on Friday, December 15, of H. G. Wells' greatest and most popular masterpieces in a sumptuous library of twelve volumes.

Never before have the finest novels, romances and prophecies of this world-famous writer been available on such an astonishingly easy plan.

The Passing Show, dated December 16, announces the final opportunity to secure this unprecedented offer. Order *The Passing Show* immediately, and before you settle down to read it post the reservation form for this final H. G. Wells Library opportunity.

A Queer Casino Syndicate

AN impudent scheme for raising money in England is being worked by the Victor-Giraud Syndicate, of Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

This is another Tale of Two Cities, for the Victor-Giraud Syndicate of Paris has opened its campaign by inserting the following advertisement in a London newspaper:

"Lucrative post; suit gent. with moderate capital; able to spend intervals abroad. Congenial work, few hours daily. Social, sporting amenities. Salary, expenses."

Those who reply to the box number given in the advertisement receive a letter from the Victor-Giraud Syndicate of Paris, stating that the duties attached to the post are pleasant and that the working hours are three to four hours daily.

The salary is £6 a week plus £5 a week allowance for expenses. For these benefits a cash security of £100 is required.

Enquirers are informed that Mr. George Selway, of 10, Drayton Park, Highbury, N., is the London representative of the syndicate, with whom an appointment can be arranged.

Those who call at this address are

probably surprised to find that it is not an imposing office, but a confectioner's shop, at which Mr. Selway calls for his letters.

It seems strange that a Continental syndicate, with an imposing address in Paris, should be content with such a modest address in London!

A recent caller at the shop in Drayton Park was told that Mr. Selway had been unexpectedly called to Paris, but expected to open an office in London on his return.

We now find that Mr. George Selway has opened up a small office of sorts on the second floor of 7, Little Turnstile, High Holborn, London.

In this meanly-furnished office, Selway outlines the activities of the Victor-Giraud Syndicate at the gambling tables of casinos on the Continent.

He explains that the syndicate has a wonderful "formula" involving the playing of five-franc stakes on every turn of the wheel throughout the day's play, which means about seven hundred investments in one day.

Mr. George Selway speaks airily of San Remo, Monte Carlo, Le Touquet and other towns where the syndicate is either working or contemplates working its system with great success.

Teams of three players are sent to these casinos, and each player sits at

the tables for four hours a day, split up into two periods of two hours each.

He produces voluminous statistics and calculations.

"Enough figures to give you a headache," Mr. Selway tells his callers.

Apparently there are one or two vacancies in the teams working at the casinos, and for that reason Selway has advertised for a few suitable men.

The persons engaged will be thoroughly trained in the working of the formula, which is a tricky business. The formula is, of course, a closely guarded secret.

In this way Selway, with his promise of £6 a week salary and £5 a week expenses allowance, is attempting to attract people who will provide sums of £100 each in the form of security.

He told one recent caller that he was likely to close down the London office of the syndicate within a short time, and we can believe this.

We can only urge people who may have replied to his advertisements to hold on to their money.

It is obvious that if the precious formula being worked by the Victor-Giraud Syndicate is such a sure and certain means of winning money, Selway and his associates would not need to seek investors in such a roundabout way.

BEWARE!—Crook

THERE are some rogues to whom nothing is sacred—not even Christmas. Indeed, there are even "specialists" in wrongdoing for whom Yuletide is the busy season.

They exploit the spirit of good will to the full, and while everyone else is busy giving, they are busy taking.

It is the season when, perhaps more than any other, money is being freely spent and they can be certain of speedier and bigger hauls than they would get at other times of the year.

Who is in this sinister gallery of criminals and adventurers, great and small, who make Christmas their hunting season?

There is one gang of Christmas crooks, well known to Scotland Yard, who contrive to live on the fat of the land from the proceeds of their Yuletide harvest.

The chief member is an ex-book-maker who lives all the year round at a South Coast resort, but who is a frequent visitor to the West End of London, where he indulges himself in every luxury.

"The Boss"

Known as "The Boss" to his intimates, he has gathered together a number of relatives in high positions under him, each being allotted a different part in his cleverly conceived schemes.

The first thought of Christmas comes to "The Boss" towards the end of every summer. So colossal are his schemes that he is bound to lay his plans far in advance, and that is why he calls his chief associates together about the last week of August.

Business with him is always combined with pleasure, and the gatherings at which he presides at a club in the West End of London are of a festive nature. A choice luncheon is arranged, and the best wines and cigars are generously supplied.

There are business-like discussions, in the course of which all main details are settled. First, a centre is named from which the Christmas Draw will be arranged. Then, a secondary schemer comes into the picture.

Likely dupes

When "The Boss" has made known his plans for the forthcoming season, his confederates are called upon to offer specialised advice as to the class of dupes who are most likely to respond to the bait it is intended to cast.

Then another leading figure in this Christmas conspiracy comes upon the scene.

He is generally someone who is known by repute to "The Boss" by virtue of his impressive appearance to make an excellent "dummy" promoter.

His part in the scheme may not at first appear very arduous, but it is not without its risks and responsibilities, for this man has to go before the public in the rôle of the actual promoter of the scheme, and he must always be in evidence at the central office to face any enquirers.

His first move is to assume a false name. Then, provided with two or three very smart offices, he eventually takes "control," reporting each day to "The Boss," either at his Sussex retreat or at one or another of the hotels and clubs he frequents in London.

As the scheme proceeds, other duties fall to the lot of the "dummy" promoter.

He has to nominate other hirelings of his own, and to arrange subsidiary draws in accordance with "The Boss's" wishes.

More often than not, each separate scheme is run supposedly in the interests of some small local hospital or other charitable institution.

Roguish army

Tickets are printed in such a way as to suggest that the appeal is strictly local.

In some instances, indeed, there is often a suggestion that the hospital or charitable concern is directly responsible, and the ordinary member of the public therefore has no idea of the true nature of the conspiracy, or of the small army of rogues in the background.

Everything is done to exploit the spirit of Christmas. Most of the prizes named on the tickets are of a seasonable nature, such as turkeys, hams, wines, and so on.

Relatives and friends of "The Boss" are installed in small local offices as a blind, but actually tickets are run off by the hundred thousand.

"The Boss" and his chief satellites have access to one of the most amazing card indexes in the country—a file which contains tens of thousands of carefully tabulated names.

This index is the last word in efficiency, for the prospective dupes are graded and re-graded in such a manner that it is possible to make individual lists of people likely to be interested in sporting matters, people known as generous subscribers to charities, and so on.

In charity's name

The next—and most important—move is carried out through special mailing agencies run by hirelings in different parts of the country. Books of tickets are eventually dispatched throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales to people whose names appear on the special index to which we have referred.

In big centres agents are appointed to facilitate the collection of contributions, but an enormous volume of business comes to the promoters direct through the post.

Most of the local agents are appointed on a commission basis. They are allowed to deduct their own fees when remitting and sending in completed books of counterfoils, and, of course, no responsibility rests with them.

That is the cleverness of the plot, for they cannot fail to be satisfied, and if approached by suspicious clients in their locality, are bound to put in a good word for the promoters, and say quite truthfully that they have been paid for their services, and have forwarded their books to the head office.

Prize-lists ultimately appear, but how many people who buy tickets in Christmas schemes run for charity ever question the allocation of the prizes?

With this colossal organisation "The Boss" and his confederates often run as many as a dozen of these dubious promotions simultaneously, using the same headquarters, and mailing agencies, in conjunction with specially opened local offices, so that different charitable institutions can be named on the tickets.

The Home Office and Scotland Yard repeatedly try to stop Christ-

mas swindles like this one, but the most that has ever been achieved is that one or two members of the gang have had to pay a fine or endure a brief term of imprisonment.

Thus it happens year after year that countless letters pour into the offices of JOHN BULL from readers in different parts of the country who have been favoured with unsolicited books of tickets from draws of the type run by "The Boss."

In the same way, the postal authorities and Scotland Yard receive thousands of similar queries, but the vast numbers of books which thus do not bear fruit for the promoters are not missed.

So vast is their organisation that they always allow for a big percentage of "careful" or "suspicious" clients who will not rise to the bait. They know that, for every Doubting Thomas, there will be a score of "mugs" who will send their money without question.

Mass exploitation

Quite recently Scotland Yard detectives called at a West End office for information concerning a big draw then in progress.

Though tickets were being sent out broadcast, and at least three notorious characters were known to be at the head of affairs, nothing could be done to stop this mass exploitation of the public's festive spirit of Christmas.

The bogus draw is but one of the many swindles by which rogues prosper at Christmastide.

Every year the police in London and the provinces are inundated with complaints about travelling rogues who take advantage of the fact that many reputable firms are offering seasonal postal bargains.

Christmas gifts are their speciality. They have, or profess to have, gramophones, wireless sets, cameras or even pianos at amazingly attractive prices.

They know that most people are buying presents, and they make their prices so undeniably attractive that they are certain of receiving numerous replies.

A case in point is that of a man who advertised extensively a class of goods which he declared would make excellent Christmas presents. The prices he quoted were, of course, much lower than genuine advertisers could afford to offer.

Applicants for his catalogues heard no more when they sent money for goods which never came.

They had supported just another Christmas rogue, who does precisely the same thing year after year.

At one time or another he has operated successfully from such centres as Exeter, Yeovil, Gloucester, Northampton and Bristol; but he is only one spurious Santa Claus whose bag is made for swag rather than for gifts.

Jewellery and clocks were among the seasonable gifts offered at most tempting prices by a man who opened an office in London and advertised his bargains far and wide.

Countless people sent their money in all good faith, but all they received in return were rubbishy articles, which fell far short of the goods advertised.

By the time the disappointed gift-givers had communicated with the City of London Police the crooked Santa Claus had closed his office and disappeared.

Some truly amazing ramps are worked in connection with the supply of Christmas poultry, and one



The Ch
th

ed Santa Claws is Here



as Crook is a sinister Santa Claus—
swag in his bag, not presents!

swindler who specialises in this direction crops up regularly every year. He always uses a different name and contrives to control five or six businesses in various towns at once.

He is still "wanted" by Scotland Yard and provincial police for a series of audacious frauds he conducted last Christmas from various provincial towns.

In each case he set himself up as a wholesale merchant, and by offering excellent prices, induced farmers in all parts of the country to send him turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens for the Christmas market.

He certainly disposed of the goods in record time, but he failed to account for their sale to his various scattered clients, and simply closed his office and moved on to another centre.

The hamper trick

Then there is the Christmas hamper trick.

Those who practise it first procure printed notepaper bearing a name that is similar to that of some well-known and highly reputable firm of provision merchants.

Next they send out a cunningly worded circular stating that the recipient, whose name more often than not they have lifted from a list of prize-winners in some local competition, is the winner of a valuable Christmas hamper.

The circular goes on to state that while the firm has been instructed to forward the hamper, carriage paid, it is compelled to ask for a small deposit against the return of the hamper itself. This deposit will, of course, be refunded, provided the hamper is eventually returned undamaged.

For about four days the Christmas hamper crooks arrange for letters to be collected at the accommodation address they use as their headquarters. Then they seize all the replies containing money, and leave the district.

Certain industrious crooks sometimes contrive to repeat this hamper trick five or six times in a season, always changing their names, and selecting districts that are far apart.

Yet another phase of Christmas roguery is to be found in some of the "bargain" shops which are opened up in various centres a few weeks before Christmas.

Usually a reputable firm has occupied the premises previously, and unsuspecting people think that the same business is still being conducted.

But the "bargains" they buy are either rubbish or goods that have been obtained by fraud.

There is also a gang of aliens who perform a seasonal fraud of their own. They have constantly come under the observation of Supt. Horwell, of Scotland Yard. They open stores under high-sounding titles, and at the present time are concerned with at least half a dozen in different parts of London alone.

Their chief "line" is the sale of "the choicest wines."

They trade on the fact that many people, who may not do so at any other time of the year, spend freely

in laying in a stock of wines and spirits at Christmastide.

The inexperience of these once-a-year customers is flagrantly exploited. The "choice brands" they purchase are of the poorest quality, and sold under labels that, if not downright forgeries, are definitely misleading.

Then, among many others, are "experts" who come to life at the approach of the gift season and offer tuition in toy-making for a fee.

Although the "experts" predict good commission on subsequent sales, the pupils are required to pay fees in advance. They are not told how their home-made articles will be marketed in competition with the cheaper factory-made products.

The same may be said of many similar offers for painting and "writing" Christmas cards and calendars. Those who make them exist simply to snatch fees.

A clever talker

There is also a very clever swindler for whose arrest at least twenty different warrants have been issued.

Well cultured, he passes in many guises, including those of a barrister-at-law, a major, a banker, and a retired Indian officer.

He "works" all the year round, but his speciality at Christmas is to book a first-class ticket on famous trains and during the journey to get in touch with other passengers.

A clever talker, he wins their confidence by telling all kinds of stories, and leaves them in the best of humour at his destination.

When he has gone, the people with whom he has conversed generally find their luggage or parcels missing.

Christmas presents, cheque books, jewellery, and all kinds of valuables are reported missing in this way year after year.

He is not satisfied with his hauls alone, for if the swag contains anything that would enable him to impersonate his dupe, he at once proceeds to do so for his own fraudulent ends.

And the bogus charities—what a season it is for them! There are something like thirty exceptionally busy just now, and their activities reflect upon genuine charitable appeals which are really worthy of support.

One in particular has its headquarters in South London, and, with its ranks augmented by newly enrolled and well-paid canvassers, is now seeking to raise money everywhere. The usual sob stories about the poor little slum children who will have no Christmas dinner are used to melt the public's heart.

Religious cloak

This notorious society, known as the Poor Children's Society, of Trinity Street, London, S.E., has battered upon the spirit of good will for years. Much of the money it collects goes, as it has always done, into the pockets of its promoter, a man named Breton, and his agents.

It is interesting to note that some of his collectors assume the garb of clergymen, which induces us to give a warning about a further phase of this Christmas racket.

A number of other rogues, acting in the names of non-existent missions, go from door to door asking housewives for money with which to purchase a Christmas present for "a poor little child of our mission."

Perhaps these unscrupulous adventurers are the worst of all, for, not content with exploiting the spirit of Christmas, they seek to do it under the cloak of religion as well.

But, in whatever guise they may come before the public, the Christmas crooks have one aim in common—to make sufficient money to keep them going till their busy season comes round again.

"John Bull" Readers' Stories—66



LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH

talks about herself...

Lady Marguerite Bligh is a beautiful brunette. She has exceptionally clear, fresh colouring and her creamy skin is greatly admired.

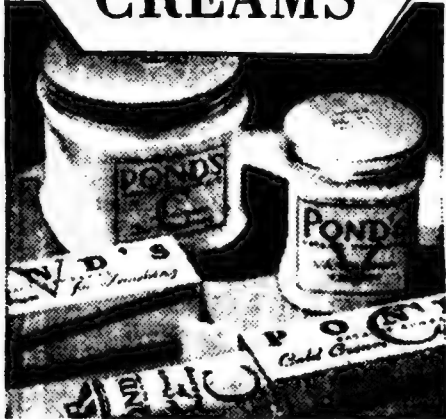
When interviewed at her own home Lady Marguerite Bligh said:

"Every night and morning I gently rub Pond's Cold Cream on my face and neck to loosen any grime in the pores. Next I remove it with Pond's Cleansing Tissue—they're most friendly things... Then I pat on Pond's Freshener. It's a tonic, and a beautifier too... Pond's Vanishing Cream is marvellous—so velvety and becoming, and it has a wonderful attraction for powder.

"A girl can dance all night and look quite fresh in the morning if she's a disciple of Pond's. I am an enthusiastic one. Mind you tell them what I've said..."

Guide your skin to beauty
with

POND'S CREAMS



ABOUT the last thing one would associate with a modern railway system, with its super expresses thundering on through the night past quiet wayside stations sunk in sleep and darkness, or screeching their warning whistles as they tear along one of the many lines on the outskirts of large cities in the dark hours before dawn, is anything savouring of the supernatural.

Yet, in the course of a lifetime, of which fifty years have been spent in the service of a British railway company and of an American railroad corporation in one of the southern states, I can recall at least two experiences which I cannot explain satisfactorily. And I am not at all a believer in ghosts.

Another experience, which I here tell first, proved explainable on rational grounds.

One night, in summer, I was driving a fast passenger train from Derby, up through the tunnels under the Peak to Manchester Central station.

If you have ever passed through those tunnels, which are bored through very hard rock, you will remember that the train emits a deafening, ear-shattering roar, owing to the fact that the rock does not absorb but throws back the sound-waves.

We were about half a mile inside one of the longest tunnels, when my fireman—a superstitious South Wales man—suddenly stepped across from his side of the footplate and shouted in my ear. But, so terrific was the roar of the train in my ears and the blast from the engine's smoke-box on a heavy rising gradient, I could hardly hear a word.

HE gripped my arm and pointed to the tunnel wall ahead of the cab. I looked into the darkness and started in surprise. There, on the dripping and slimy walls, keeping pace with our engine, was the figure of a shrouded apparition, waving its arms up and down, as though warning us of some peril.

"Look, mate," said the Welshman. "You can drive her as fast as you like, but it keeps ahead of us. It's a warning of something terrible to happen."

He leant on his shovel and stopped putting coal into the mouth of the roaring fire-box. In a few minutes, we ran into the open air, out of the tunnel, under the light of the calm stars, and, of course, the apparition vanished.

Nothing happened on the trip to justify my fireman's forebodings, and presently we came to a stop at the terminal station at Manchester.

I went round to examine the bearings of the locomotive to see if they had "run hot" on the long and heavy climb up under the Peak range, and when I opened the glass of the head-lamp above the front of the boiler, I found a dead moth, whose imprisoned flutterings had

The Ghost Train that DID RUN

been projected by the lens of the lantern on to the dark walls of the tunnel, acting as a screen.

MY second experience was not so easily explained, and to this day, more than forty-five years after the occurrence, I have never been able to solve the riddle—nor, indeed, could the official investigators of the old Midland Railway, who were sent from Derby, solve the mystery.

I was then a young man stationed at Staveley, in a remote district of large collieries near Chesterfield. Anyone who knows Glapwell colliery, which is the actual name of the place, will recognise it from my description.

One snowy night in December, a few weeks before Christmas, we took a train of empty wagons from Staveley up to the colliery, which is in a lonely district of moors and hills. We disposed of the

There on the dripping and slimy walls was the figure of a shrouded apparition as though warning us of some peril

empties, and then stood, with the guard's brake-van attached to our engine, on a single line.

All of the train crew went into the brake-van, and we sat down by the guard's fire—for it was a bitterly cold night, with an east wind cutting one's face as with knives—and ate our mid-night meal.

It had just turned twelve, and there were four of us—the driver, fireman, guard and a checker, employed by the colliery company, whose job was to count the wagons and check the loads in or out of the sidings, to and from our own line.

THE checker was giving a lively description of a murder that had recently been committed by a colliery worker in this same Glapwell colliery. The murderer had been tried, sentenced to death, and hanged about a month before this night.

"I hears," said the checker, looking nervously around the van and into the shadows, "that his ghost 'as been seen round here several nights lately. In fact, old Jim Byrom, who works in the pumping-house, swears as he saw him on'y three nights ago."

"There's not much for him to haunt here, is there?" the engine-driver said. "I should think it's more pleasant in the place from which he comes; but perhaps he fancies a bit of a cooler."

There was a ready laugh, but the checker did not join in. He muttered something about he hoped "it wasn't around anywhere that night."

We finished our meal, smoked a pipe, and then unhooked our engine from the brake-van. Now I want you to note what we did: the guard left his van, a heavy goods type, with all its brakes screwed on—of that I am sure, for I saw him put them on as hard as he could.

There was need for that operation too! The van stood at the top of a falling gradient, very steep indeed, and could not safely be left otherwise than well braked to prevent any accidents or running away.

Then, we opened the regulator on our engine and went into the siding to fetch out a train of loaded coal wagons, which had to be taken down the single branch line on to the main road, for transit to London by the fast mineral train in the morning.

The guard and the colliery checker went along the siding to see that the train was all right for the return trip.

Two minutes later, the engine-driver look up, startled.

"Where are the red lights of that brake we left on the top of the bank?" he shouted to the frightened guard.

"They've gone! So has the van."

(Continued on page 26)



Even Mother Listens

Just hear Rice Krispies snap and crackle in milk or cream! That's how crisp these toasted rice bubbles are. That's why children love them.

And Kellogg's Rice

Krispies are so good for grown-ups too. Nourishing rice. Easy to digest. Always oven-fresh. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.



7 1/2d per packet
Irish Free State accepted.

Kellogg's

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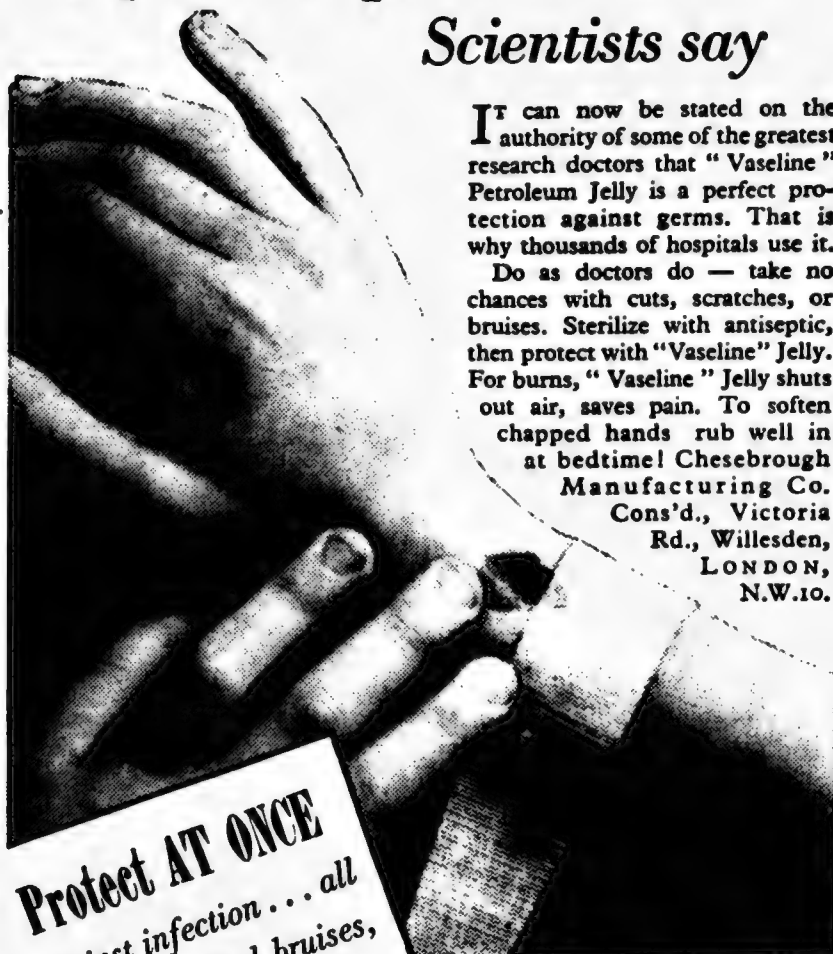
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317

"A perfect protection"

Scientists say



It can now be stated on the authority of some of the greatest research doctors that "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is a perfect protection against germs. That is why thousands of hospitals use it.

Do as doctors do — take no chances with cuts, scratches, or bruises. Sterilize with antiseptic, then protect with "Vaseline" Jelly. For burns, "Vaseline" Jelly shuts out air, saves pain. To soften chapped hands rub well in at bedtime! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, LONDON, N.W.10.

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cuts, burns and bruises,
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Petroleum Jelly



PURE — SAFE — HEALING: JARS 4 1/2d. 6d. 9d.

Now proof of the EXTRA ENERGY



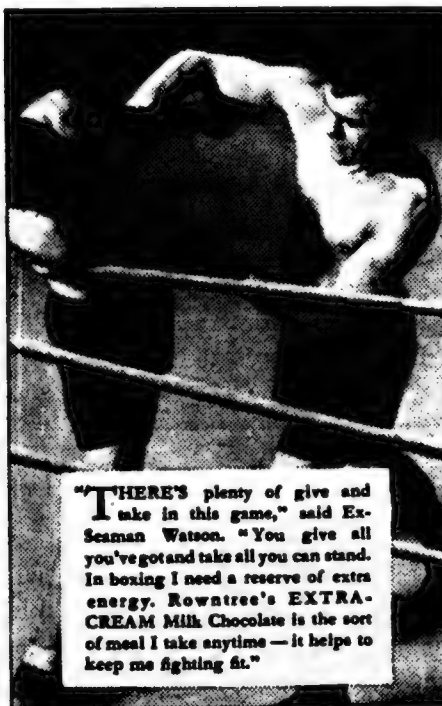
It's the EXTRA-CREAM added to the rich Full-Cream Milk that gives real EXTRA ENERGY and a delicious flavour

in Rowntree's
Milk Chocolate
made with

EXTRA-CREAM

Most people buy chocolate for flavour alone. That's why there are record sales of this new milk chocolate. The rich pure British milk and fresh delicious EXTRA-CREAM, have helped to make this milk chocolate first in national tasting tests. But there is another reason why it's liked so well. Chocolate, as you know, is nourishing. Energy is the result. Scientific tests have

proved conclusively there is *extra energy* in Rowntree's Milk Chocolate made with EXTRA-CREAM — it braces you up—makes you better able to meet hard work and play. Sold everywhere you go, in big twopenny bars and blocks, and 1/4-lb. and 1/2-lb. net-weight sizes.



"THERE'S plenty of give and take in this game," said Ex-Seaman Watson. "You give all you've got and take all you can stand. In boxing I need a reserve of extra energy. Rowntree's EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate is the sort of meal I take anytime — it helps to keep me fighting fit."



"FEW things are more thrilling than ice-skating," says Miss Turner (Streatham Ice Rink), "and nothing that's so exhausting. Rowntree's EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate has a nicer flavour and taste than any other milk chocolate I've had, and it's grand for keeping up your energy when you're on the rink."

SPENCER CORSETS

"JUST LIKE THE SPENCER."

Various corsets of inferior manufacture have recently been offered for sale described as being "Just like the SPENCER."

Obviously, people who attempt to sell goods on this pretext have no confidence in their own product, otherwise they would not need to attempt to sell on the reputation built up by the nationally known and widely advertised SPENCER firm.

To describe inferior goods as "like the SPENCER" is libellous and slanderous, and Spencer Corsets Limited hereby give notice that they will institute legal proceedings against any person found engaged in such flagrantly dishonest practices.



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Manufactory and Registered Office,
Banbury, Oxon.

Branch Offices at London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol and Liverpool.

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'BiSoDoL' enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain or constant discomfort. 'BiSoDoL' is more than an ordinary stomach powder. It is a complete remedy which gives complete relief because it helps a weak digestion "all-the-way." It pacifies a rebellious stomach and ensures harmony throughout the digestive system.

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Try 'BiSoDoL' FREE

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To BiSoDoL Ltd., 12 Chenies Street,
London, W.C.1. Please send Sample of
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Name

Address

(Please write plainly. Use 3d. stamp
and address envelope as above.)

Stay here," he bawled to me; "I'll go across and see what has happened. We shall be suspended or heavily fined if we don't look out."

A few seconds later, he shouted across the metals.

"By —, but that brake's gone! Clean vanished—what does it mean?"

The others came running up, startled by the shouts. We held a consultation out in the darkness on the top of the gradient.

The guard was positive he had braked all wheels down hard on the van before he went into the siding.

"And there's not a soul around here in this lonely place to meddle with the brake," he added, looking all about him, in a very nervous manner. Indeed, a marshy bit of the wide moors came right up the line and there wasn't a house anywhere near.

"What did I tell thee!" stuttered the checker. "It's that ghost again!"

WE of the train crew were too worried about the possible consequences of a heavy van tearing at 1 a.m. down hill at forty or fifty miles an hour, till it collided with something on the main road, at the junction, to feel as scared as we might have been.

We all got on the engine—the checker absolutely refused to stay behind by himself at that hour in the morning—and ran downhill along the single line, out on to the main line, and two and a half miles away we found the missing brake van. It had run all that way unattended; for there was a fall of about two miles followed by a sharp rise.

Luckily, there were three or four inches of snow on the metals, and that, with the rising gradient, had stopped the runaway brake. As soon as our engine came up behind it, we saw the red tail lamps still burning, but the four brakes were released, see-sawing backwards and forwards. How —?

The guard rightly claimed that the brakes must have been well screwed down before we went into the siding, leaving the van on the line alone. Otherwise, the van would have started off down the hill immediately the engine had been uncoupled, and would, of course, have released the force of its own brake from the van.

But the van had not moved while we had steamed into the siding, and our engine had been some minutes there before the van had so mysteriously been missed.

Phantom of the TUNNEL

(Continued from page 24)

The checker did not fail to point out that the ghost, when in life, had marshalled wagons at the colliery, and quite well understood how to put on or release brakes of guards' vans or wagons.

Whatever the explanation may be, I must admit that the surroundings in that lonely place, in the small hours of a bleak night, following on the talk about ghosts and murders, had created an atmosphere for me. We could not explain the eerie business, nor could the Midland Railway Company's officials who were sent down to investigate a very serious happening which might have caused loss of life and property.

The brakes were afterwards tested and found to be in perfect order.

I have recently looked up my journal for that year and month—December, 1888—and can vouch for the truth of this story, which is also corroborated in the railway company's own records at Derby headquarters.

MY other experience was even more remarkable. It happened on an Atlantic coast railroad running through the state of South Carolina. One section of the line, then open for passenger traffic only during the tourist season, from January to April, was controlled by a signal cabin located at Dale, on the edge of a large and lonely pine forest.

Brakemen used to tell me they hated to have to sidetrack trains at this part, especially at night, because, so they said, there were strange noises about the points, where a man had been killed some years before.

Engine-drivers also complained that they would find their trains uncoupled in three places here, although the train crew had not put a hand to the wagons and vans.



It was while his train roared through the Peak District that our reader saw the mysterious apparition

In 1911 three young chaps—sober and steady—came to the signal cabin at Dale and opened it for the season. They were horrified to find the dead body of a man, unknown and badly decomposed, in the lower room of the cabin. He seemed to be a tramp (or "hobo") who had crept in there and died, alone.

A week later they found that they simply could not keep shut a trap-door which closed the stair leading from the lower to the upper room.

They barred it heavily, but it still flew open. At night they heard mysterious footsteps on the staircase, but when they looked out nothing could be seen. In the morning, in broad day, the sash of the window in the upper room of the cabin was raised and lowered in full view of two of the men, who saw no one near the window.

"We'll stop this practical joker," they said, as they fastened the trap-door leading to the floor below and giving access to the ground outside. "No one can enter this way, unless we see him first."

But the eerie noises and disturbances still went on.

Bolts and taps from a dump outside hurled themselves right through the windows of the cabin, in broad daylight. In every case, no one was near. One day, in the broad light, when objects were flying around the room, the three men left in a panic.

As they stood by the line and gazed at the windows of the cabin they had hurriedly quitted, some invisible agency hurled a chair out of the top window of the signal cabin on to the ground below. It hit the track with such violence that its rungs were smashed.

STRANGE stories of the haunted signal cabin spread down the line, and no brakeman—and they are a tough crowd of men—would even enter it, unless he was absolutely forced to do so.

The affair caused trouble to the railroad authorities because signallers jibbed at taking over duties in Dale cabin. I had a talk with a doctor who came to investigate the happenings. It may be said that the nearest house was half a mile away. He told me that he was convinced that no outside person was at work.

"One of the signallers said he fancied a pack of playing-cards in the cabin might have some connection with the strange disturbances—why or how he did not say. So, one morning at ten o'clock, when a train was rushing by, he tossed the pack under the wheels of the engine.

"A few minutes later he found the same cards lying on a bed in the cabin! The men told me they burnt a lot of sulphur in the cabin in order to cause the phenomena to cease."

It is a curious thing—and I offer no explanation—that from the time the men hastily quitted the cabin to the present day I am assured there have been no further reports of strange and unaccountable disturbances.

Dale, where this signal cabin or tower is located, is on the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, in South Carolina.

NEXT WEEK: A true story of an unusual Christmastide in the back-blocks of Australia during a drought.

The "Greatest of These . . ." Fund

Remember this Child..

BABY Christopher, who is photographed with his five-year-old brother, will, if he lives, be one year old on Christmas night.

His mother writes: "My husband is in the sanatorium, and he has just been told by the doctor that if he keeps like he was to-day they will let him come out for three days at Christmas to stay with us.

"But I have nothing to bring him home to, Sir, as I have had my children all very ill, and I receive just 35s. to see to all of us with.

"I have just buried one little son, and I have to pay 2s. 6d. a week to clear a debt off his funeral. I have myself and five others to see to. I would like their father to be with them for the three days at Christmas, because he wishes to see the baby, who has been very ill. But I know I could not manage it. He has no boots to come in, and to keep him for only three days would mean a lot to us. Some days we have to go without ourselves.

"My husband has been very ill for a long time, and I know it would hurt him very much to have to miss seeing the children, but I could not bring him home like this. I would be very thankful if you could please help us a little to bring him home for three days."

Then comes this pathetic P.S.: "I would like my husband to get home to see the baby because he has been very ill, and the doctor gives me very little hope for him."

Christopher is the youngest of five boys, while the eldest is fourteen. The little chap who died this summer would have been three years old on New Year's Day. Whilst he was in hospital, his father, an ex-naval man, after being out of work for two years, had found a job



Christopher and his brother

on a ship. He had done one day's work after the ship had left the first port of call when he collapsed and had to be sent home on another ship, and taken to the sanatorium.

If our readers will help us, by sending donations earmarked "Christopher," we shall be able to make this sad family's Christmas a little happier.

We have also to appeal for our general fund, because, times being harder than ever this year for the families of the unemployed, we are deluged with pitiful appeals to "help to make things a little brighter for our kiddies at Christmas."

How many of these appeals which prove to be genuine can be responded to depends on our readers' generous subscriptions to the fund, which, as well as those earmarked "Christopher," should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.



Model of a
Railway
Breakdown
Crane built
entirely of
MECCANO

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This fine new book contains splendid illustrated articles dealing with many of the world's greatest engineering feats. In addition, it describes and illustrates the full range of Meccano Constructional Outfits, Hornby Speed Boats, and the wonderful new Kemex and Elektron Outfits.

We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums. Write your own name and address clearly, and add number 20 for reference. A postcard may be used with a penny stamp, but if you send a letter it requires a three-halfpenny stamp.

Every boy is happiest when he is inventing, creating and building. That is the reason for the everlasting popularity of Meccano. It is the most wonderful and the most fascinating hobby in the world, because it enables full scope to be given to all the inclinations and desires that are the natural heritage of boys.

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From your chemist secure 1 oz. of Parment (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessert-spoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief and will usually cure the most obstinate cold or cough within twenty-four hours, and you will not need to stay in bed or discontinue your regular duties. It is splendid, too, for whooping cough, catarrh, croup, and bronchial hoarseness. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite and has a slight tonic effect—all excellent features in the treatment of colds and influenza. This recipe is highly recommended, and thousands of people know its value.

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or by hire purchase



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says Mrs. JONES, 70 Barn Hill, Wembley Park, London.

"My little girl Elizabeth (shown above) never drinks anything else but Rowntree's Cocoa — I'm sure that's why she's so healthy. There's no drink I know of that's so good for digestion. My husband and I have it too. It's such a good 'nightcap'."

"SOON I WAS FEELING BETTER"

says Mrs. DALE, 7 Downton Avenue, London, S.W. 2.

"Last year I was run-down, due to digestive disorder. I started taking Rowntree's Cocoa each morning and soon began to feel much better."

ROWNTREE'S COCOA



*actually helps
digestion*

CO 2-14

MY postbag proves only too surely that men who are in work have problems of their own to solve. They are beset by all sorts of fears. And one of the greatest of these is the dread of losing their jobs. "Give me work!" clamours the unemployed man. "Give me security!" cries the worker in a job. Let me illustrate what I mean.

My first letter comes from a man who has married against the rules of his firm and has suffered mental agonies for fear it should become known and he should be dismissed. His wife and baby are living with her parents in the North—he is in the West of England. And he goes on to say:—

"My wife is desperately keen to come and live with me here, as she is very unhappy where she is. It would be a struggle for the three of us to manage on my wage of two guineas a week, but still I am game to try it. There is nothing I want more than to have her with me again.

"Of course, my employer might not find out, and, if he did, I should have to go at once, as the firm is very strict on this question. That would be a pity, because it is a splendid concern and I have a good chance of getting on and improving my salary."

Let me, first of all, say a word about the attitude of that firm. Every business has a right to lay down rules for the conduct of its affairs. This particular concern has stipulated that its employees should not marry until, presumably, they reach a certain age or are in receipt of a sufficient salary.

This young man has deliberately broken that rule. And in so doing he has not only violated the conditions of his employment but has acted very unfairly towards the girl he has married. What is the result? There he is worrying his life out for fear his deception should be discovered. And there is his wife living with her parents and her baby in the North. It is not a satisfactory state of affairs by any means. But what is to be done?

My correspondent says it would be a pity if he were to lose his job. In these days I would call it a tragedy.

LET us suppose that this girl joins her husband and he is dismissed from his employment—what then?

This young wife may be unhappy now, but she would be a thousand times unhappier, if, because of her action, her husband were thrown out of work.

I counsel them, therefore, to go on as at present. After all, time is on their side. The firm's marriage ban will not last for ever, and when it is lifted my correspondent may have gained the promotion at which he hints and by which his salary would be sufficient to keep him and his family in comfort.

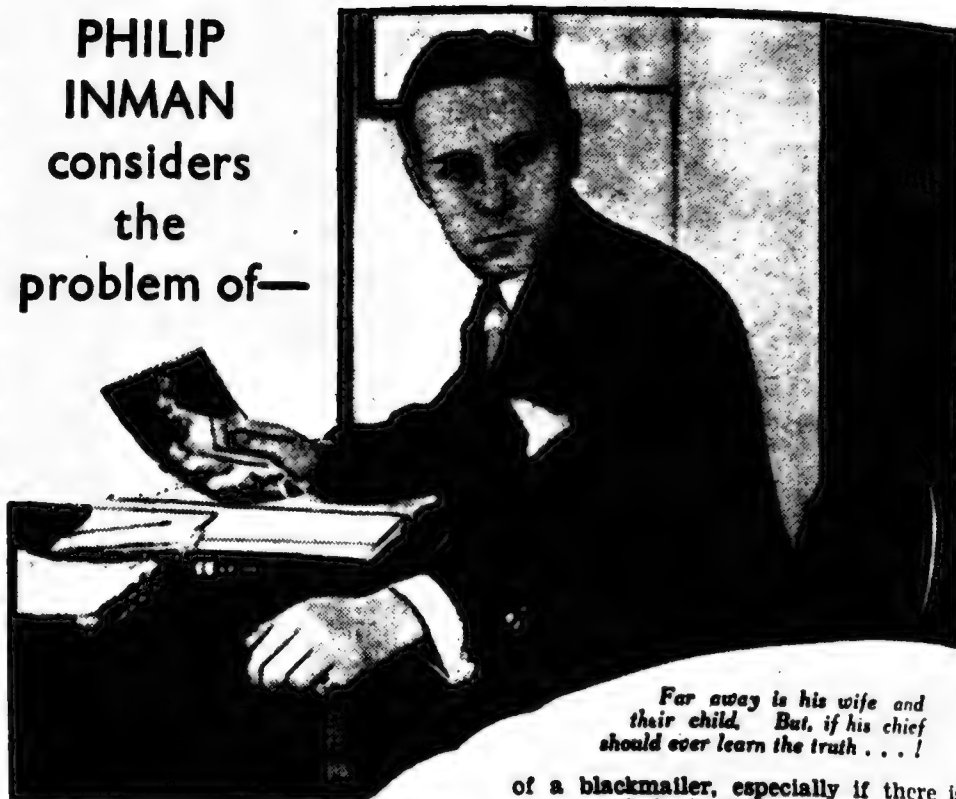
After all, their position might be far worse. Let me remind this young couple that during the war many a man was separated from his wife and family and thought himself lucky if he got seven days' leave once in a while. This correspondent of mine can go to see his wife and baby at holiday-times. And their own home, when it comes, will be all the more precious because of the difficulties this couple are now encountering.

And here is another case of a man suffering from the fear of being found out. But there is a vital difference between the two problems. In this one my correspondent has not broken the rules of his firm—on the contrary, he has served them faithfully and well for a long time and has received their approbation.

Then what is he worrying about? It seems that as a young man he served a term of imprisonment. But it taught him a lesson, and when he came out he vowed that he would make good. He has certainly done so, for during the last twelve years he has held the same position—in a Poor Law Institution.

The authorities are particularly strict as regards the characters of their work-people, and now a former schoolfellow has been admitted as a tramp, and my

PHILIP
INMAN
considers
the
problem of—



*Far away is his wife and
their child. But, if his chief
should ever learn the truth . . . !*

The SECRETLY MARRIED MAN —when he should not tell

correspondent is afraid that this man will disclose the one blot on his past life.

"We recognised each other immediately," he goes on. "At first he came cringing to me for help. Later his attitude changed, and he now demands assistance. He hasn't actually threatened to expose me, but I feel sure he will do so if I do not submit to his demands. What ought I to do?"

"I cannot afford to lose my job and pension, and it does seem hard that this man should turn up now. I have been complimented on my work here, and I am intensely happy in my home life with my wife and three children. If this fellow should make trouble the bottom will fall out of my world."

I don't think this correspondent has anything to fear. Let us review the facts. Twelve years ago, as a youngster, he did something wrong. But he was punished for it by a term of imprisonment. A man should not be penalised all through his life for one act of wrongdoing. In the sight of the law he has paid his debt. And he has definitely proved his worth. After all, twelve years' service with one employer is a pretty good recommendation. And his happy home life is another.

I HAVE no hesitation, therefore, in giving him this advice: he should make it impossible for that other man to hurt him. How can he do this? In two ways. He can go to that old-time acquaintance and tell him quite firmly that he has no intention of submitting to his demands. He can do it in a light-hearted bantering way.

"Why should I give in to you?" he can say. "I have got nothing to fear. Go and tell my boss if you like—it won't hurt me!"

In a word, let him bluff it out. That is one way of dealing with such a man.

The other is the more satisfactory and permanent one. If my correspondent's chief is a sympathetic kind of man, let my correspondent tell him the whole story. That would completely cut the ground from under the feet of this sneak and any others of the same type who might come along.

It is never pleasant to be at the mercy

of a blackmailer, especially if there is some truth in his allegations—but it is absolutely fatal ever to give in to him. It does not end the trouble, but leads to far greater ones.

Now here is a man who some years ago suffered from consumption and was in a sanatorium for two years. For the last three years he has been in a decent job and has kept quite fit until recently. Now some trouble has developed with his throat and he has been sent by his employer to the hospital. His letter goes on:

"I was asked by the doctor if I had had any previous illness of any kind, and I told him a lie. I said 'No,' because I thought that if my governor heard of my old trouble he might give me notice on the score that T.B. is a nasty thing to have about. That would jeopardise my whole future. Nowadays, when healthy men can't get a job, it is not likely that with a weakness of this kind I should be able to do so."

This is one of those problems that require a lot of thought. I have great sympathy with my correspondent. The prospect of losing his job is a very distressing one. And if, by hiding the truth, he could avoid that calamity, many people would advise him to keep silent.

But it is not so simple as that. By adopting such a course he would be unfair to everybody concerned.

TAKE his own case first. If this throat trouble does mean a return of his old complaint, it is likely that if he has early treatment he may soon be completely rid of it. Marvels can be done with consumptive patients nowadays. Whereas, if he neglects himself, his condition may become worse and then it may be difficult, if not impossible, to effect a cure.

Then, the doctor. It is unfair to him to keep him in the dark. How can he do his work? If vital information is denied him? If he is coming to him for help and then placing obstacles in his way. The best results are obtained when doctor and patient work together.

My correspondent's present attitude may also be a source of danger to his fellow-workers. If he has T.B. trouble and comes into close contact with them, he may quite easily infect some of them.

I advise him, therefore, to take this step: Let him consult the resident medical officer at the hospital and tell him all the facts in confidence. That will lead the way to a thorough examination of his case.

All sorts of tests can be carried out to see whether he has consumption or not. If, unfortunately, he has, then immediate steps can be taken to give him the right treatment. If he has not, he can return to his work conscience-clear.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

SHARE your troubles with Philip Inman. JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." You may write to him with every assurance that your case will be dealt with thoroughly and confidentially. Address your letters to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

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WHEN one rainy day robs your dog of his exercise you can't put him right by giving him a longer spell of exercise the following day. The important thing is not the amount of exercise your dog gets, but the *regularity* of it.

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But when you realise how *easy* it is to keep dogs fit you will never allow loss of exercise to make your dog suffer another day's illness. All you need do to keep him perfectly healthy, and free from these troublesome blood disorders, is to provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. These famous powders keep the blood fresh and pure, and in this way prevent (and quickly cure) all disorders due to poor blood condition, such as *listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat,*

continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.

Regular conditioning—the only way

Mrs. A. Fayers, 90, Summerville Street, Lee, S.E.12, writes:—

"Since I have been giving my dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders regularly, he has become a happy, healthy dog, and now his coat is so glossy and attractive that people are continually asking me how I make him look so beautiful."

The correct way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on two successive days in every week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on. By his cheerfulness, jaunty bearing and alert manner, your dog will show you how much better he feels when you condition him in this way. And his coat will take on that lovely, lustrous "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of perfect health.

Start NOW to keep your dog in good health always — condition him TO-DAY.

You can buy Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from chemists, dog biscuit shops and big stores. E.W.R.7.

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Outsizes cost a little more.

Soldier, Sailor, Airman..

—the **MIGHTY TASK** behind
their "**GOOD CHEER**"

IN a cool and lofty room of a giant warehouse at Kennington, S.E., a packer was putting the fourth wrapping on a Christmas pudding.

Outside there was frost on the ground. His morning newspaper had hinted at the possibility of snow. But winter was far from his thoughts as he worked.

"There, I don't think the sun will affect that pudding," he said, as he added the finished parcel to an ever-growing pile.

The sun! Why, it seemed almost madness to mention his Torrid Highness in a room full of Christmas puddings—until you realised that this man was not packing for the English market.

Until you realised, that is, that this particular building was stacked with the Christmas Good Cheer of soldiers, sailors and airmen scattered all over the Empire, and that this particular man was packing for regiments in tropical countries. Scores of thousands of puddings, five tons for Gibraltar and Malta alone, have gone through that room in the last few weeks, all made in vast boilers at Alder-shot.

Camels will trek with some across the blazing desert to men who have to be fanned even as they eat them "cold." Aeroplanes will fly a few hundredweight of them across deserts.

AND some will have to be protected by the packer against Arctic cold, lest they be so frozen when they arrive that not even a circular saw will cut them.

In some cases men will have to fan the flies away with their sun-hats as they eat their Christmas dinners. In others, they will have to lift their ear-muffs before they can sit down at table. Still more Christmas fare will have to pass through tropical rains that would sprout a potato in a twinkling.

Yet "Naffy," as the Services' own canteen business—run on co-operative lines on behalf of soldiers, sailors and airmen

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"He said he felt certain that flies, of which there was a plague at the time, had carried the GEMS."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"— was charged with having been found wandering without any visible BEANS of subsistence."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER:—"Six hundred people took part in the service which was accompanied by the Manchester SYMPATHY Orchestra."

CUMBERLAND NEWS:—"Signor Mussolini considers that it is useless for the Powers to try for a disarmament convention at GRETNA without Germany's participation."

DAGENHAM POST:—"This epic story of a troupe of entertainers, their ups and downs, their loves and HATS, their strivings and contrivings."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"Mrs. — sang a number of delightful PIANOFORTE solos."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Affairs of honour in modern France are still sometimes settled in the old-fashioned way with words or pistols."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"He was ROBBED by a large crowd in the paddock, and a force of police had to escort him to the weighing room."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"At least 2,000,000 banana trees were destroyed by the tail-end of a STORY which passed over South Jamaica."



In the "Naffy" canteen at Aldershot—Tommy helps the cooks to pour in that Christmas spirit

as a whole—is known, has to make and deliver Christmas puddings and other seasonal fare in the best of condition in all climates.

There are miracles of packing in this vast Kennington headquarters, the result of years of experiment with wrappings and containers to defy intense cold and heat alike. And there is a little lesson in the changing taste of soldiers and sailors too.

For one thing, more than two hundred thousand boxes of crackers are being sent to ships and barracks the whole Empire over—a strange difference from the days, a generation or so back, when every soldier and sailor preferred his Christmas cheer in bottles.

Just think of it. The Services will be responsible for more than a million bangs on Christmas Day, more than were heard in some of the most famous battles in history.

And a whisper about some of them. In some cases the Colonel has told "Naffy" what to put in them. The regimental motto instead of the usual love-couplet. Regimental brochures for the wives. . . Little surprises for the men, who won't necessarily know that the Colonel has been an old brick, and has stumped up the extra out of his own pocket.

Mince-pies? Yes, tons and tons of them, numbering more than a million in all.

ICE cakes, too, not only with the regimental, battery or ship's crest inscribed on top, but with frills in regimental, battery, or ship's colours all round them.

Christmas trees (for the children, of course). Toys in hundreds of thousands, all British made.

Telephones that really work. Chemical cabinets. Sweet shops. Rag dolls that do everything but live. Aeroplanes . . . they will all be on the Christmas-tree when the children of the Regiment gather round, and the Colonel's wife starts operations with the scissors.

If you think the soldier and sailor of to-day wants "plum duff" you will be mistaken. Chocolates, dried fruits, marzipans, almonds and raisins, preserved ginger . . . they prefer all these to "plum duff."

Yes, preserved ginger, but not in the

plain little clay jars that you will see in most shops. The soldier's or sailor's wife demands a container resembling Spode or Wedgwood, something she can keep for all time. You can't sell plain clay jars to the Army or Navy to-day.

And last, but not least—Christmas cards. They are asked for in millions and millions, single orders sometimes running to 5,000 or more.

They must have regimental colours on them somewhere, of course, and the crest embossed on the front. (That in the case of Army units, of course. The Navy and Air Force are just as anxious to have cards that are reminders of their own units.)

But beyond that, nothing "Service" is expected. A snow-bound cottage rather than a picture of barracks. A robin red-breast rather than an eagle. Some little verse about love and kisses and wishes for a happy Christmas and many of 'em, rather than anything Big Drum or Kiplingesque.

THAT, perhaps, because the men who serve the King are no longer the "men of strange oaths," as Shakespeare painted them. They are sane, sensible, level-headed, home-loving people of the kind you will find in every town, every village, every city suburb.

And, as such, they must think of Santa Claus and Christmas pudding, pull crackers, and gather round the fir-tree on Christmas Day, whatever the climate.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Wenceslas!

I AM pleased to report that the Code selections have gone with a swing since the National Hunt season "proper" opened.

Max (5 to 1) and Free Fare (3 to 1) won for us at Kempton. Littlethorpe (11 to 10) and Duncooler (5 to 4 on) obliged at Leicester. Spaniard (7 to 4) and Ka-Lee (11 to 8) came up at Gatwick's first stage. Sent out with these six winners there were two losers.

Students of racing will have plenty of opportunities for studying the Lincolnshire shire entries, for after Monday there will be no sport over the sticks until Bank Holiday. The weights for the Lincoln, by the way, are not due until February 1.

Christmas is a most expensive time, and if we can find a winner or two at Hurst Park this week-end it will help towards settling a few of the bills.

Don't miss Wenceslas in the Osterley Hurdle. For the Saturday "double" I suggest Claudine (Thames Hurdle) and Egremont (Lonsdale Chase).

"SILVER RINGS" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 14, to Wednesday, December 20:

A Q O 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MK096YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

You cannot buy
a better Whiff
at the price.



Cartons of
3 FOR 6^d
6 FOR 1/-
Flat tins of
12 FOR 2/-

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

www

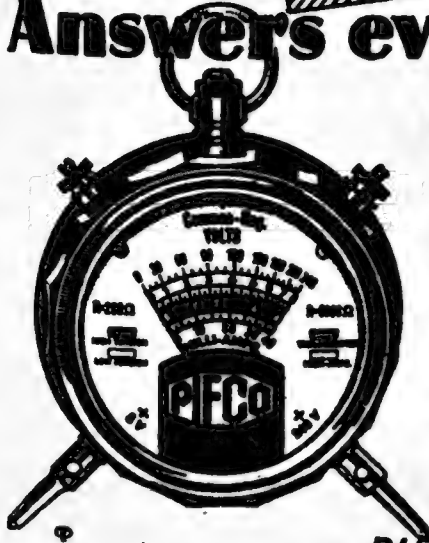
A RADIO EXPERT
FOR



THE SHERLOCK
HOLMES OF
RADIO

12/6

Answers every Radio
question!



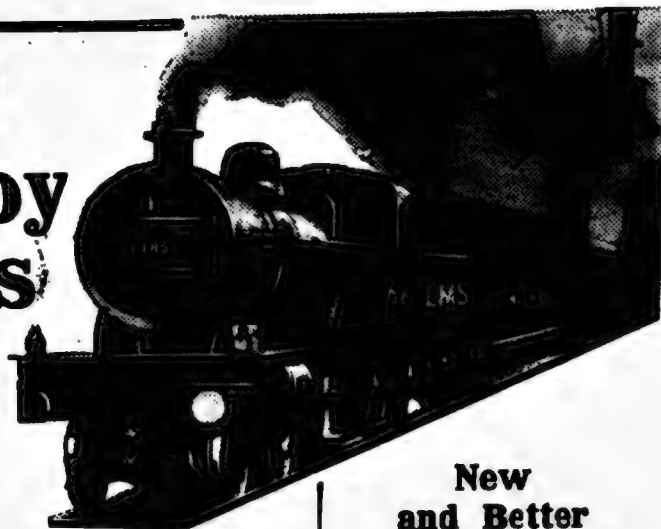
The "All-in-One" Radiometer is sold
at all good radio shops.

Issued by PIFCO LTD., High Street, Manchester,
and 150 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

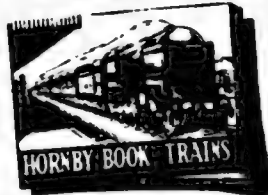
PIFCO
ALL IN ONE
RADIOMETER

The "All-in-One" Radiometer
solves every radio problem, traces
any trouble and ensures 100%
reception at all times from any
battery-operated radio set. Yet it
costs only 12/6d. Isn't that a very
small price to pay for such service?
There's no instrument in the world
at anywhere near the price which
makes all the tests the
"All-in-One" Radiometer makes.
You can't afford to be without it—
it will save you pounds a year.

Boys!
Hornby
Trains
are
Real
Trains



New
and Better
Hornby
Book of Trains



The 1934 edition of the
Hornby Book of Trains tells
in a fascinating manner the
story of the development of
British Railways from their
beginning up to the present
day. A special section is
devoted to electric railways,
little-known goods vehicles,
and the work of the Railway
Engineer.

The whole of the wonderful
Hornby Railway System is
described and illustrated in
the book—Locomotives, Roll-
ing Stock, and Accessories
depicted in full colour.

You must have this Book!
It may be obtained for 3d.
from your dealer or post free
from Meccano Ltd. for 4d.
in stamps.

The illustration below shows
a Hornby No. 2 Special Pull-
man Set, hauled by a loco-
motive which is a true-to-type
model of the L.M.S.R. Standard
Compound locomotive illus-
trated above.

PRICES OF HORNBY CLOCKWORK TRAIN SETS
MO Goods Set ... 5/- No. 1 Goods Set ... 25/-
MO Passenger Set ... 5/- No. 1 Tank Goods Set ... 25/-
M1 Passenger Set ... 5/- No. 1 Passenger Set ... 25/-
M2 Goods Set ... 10/- No. 1 Special Goods ... 32/-
M2 Passenger Set ... 10/- Set ... 32/-
M3 Tank Goods Set ... 15/- No. 1 Special Passen- ... 35/-
No. 0 Goods Set ... 15/- ger Set ... 35/-
No. 0 Passenger Set ... 17/- Other Clockwork Sets ... up to 67/-
M10 Complete Railway ... 21/-

ELECTRIC MODELS FROM 40/- UPWARDS

**HORNBY
TRAINS**

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED
MECCANO LTD. (Dept. AP), BINNS RD., LIVERPOOL 13



**Absolutely FREE TRIAL of
a New Hair Preparation.**

If you are not satisfied with your hair,
if you suffer from dandruff or falling hair,
do not wait until it reaches an advanced
stage endangering the delicate hair roots.
You owe it to yourself to learn what
Silvikrin, the new hair preparation, will
do for you.
A free booklet, entitled "Your Hair,"
contains full particulars of this remarkable
discovery and valuable advice on the care
and preservation of the hair and scalp.
This, and a free sample, will be forwarded
on application to the address below.
Doctors say that if people followed this
advice, there would be no more hair trouble.

Do not send any money or stamps.

The free booklet together with a generous
free sample of a Silvikrin preparation will
be sent to all readers who write,
mentioning "John Bull," to

Silvikrin Laboratories (Dept. J.B.), 145,
Sydney Rd., King's Parade, London, N.10.

**GRAVES Beats the World
For Quality & Value**

Guaranteed British made Oak Table Grand Gramophone
or Leather-cloth Covered Portable Model with 3.2
Ten-inch double-sided fixed price Multi-Crown
Records, complete & carriage paid. Price 55/-
or 4- monthly. No charge for entry terms.
Each Gramophone is fitted with perfectly ad-
justed, powerful worm drive smooth running
motor, newest improved type natural tone repro-
ducer, 10-in turntable, new speed controller,
and 4- to-day, starting which instruments you
prefer, and we will despatch the machine & records safely
packed & carriage paid on 7 days approval. If not fully satis-
fied, you complete purchase in most .ly payments of 4/-.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
Table, Pedestal, & Portable
Models a 1 on Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD



12 RECORDS (24 Selections) 12 RECORDS

Indigestion

**Famous
Physician's Prescription**
made up by
SAVORY & MOORE

Now on Sale at all Chemists

Entirely different from any other indigestion remedy. An original prescription of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. Over and over again on the advice of eminent specialists, Dr. Jenner's lozenges are prescribed for acidity, heartburn, pains after food, full-up feeling, flatulence. Relief in a few seconds even for chronic sufferers. Yet Dr. Jenner's are perfectly harmless, and may be taken after every meal. Contain no bismuth or magnesia. Do not constipate or relax. Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenge Brand Digestive Tablets. Boxes 1/3, 3/-, all chemists or, if any difficulty, post free from Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the Medical Profession, 143a, New Bond St., London, W.1. (28)

**Dr. Jenner's
Indigestion Lozenges**



Approved
Treatment
for

CATARRH

Catarrh has many forms, and some require treatment by a specialist. The following, however, almost always brings relief and comfort.

Melt a spoonful of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in a jug of boiling water. Wrap a towel around it to make a funnel and inhale the steam and vapours together for several minutes. Then insert "Vick" freely in the nostrils, sniffing well back.

For other cold-troubles, just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime.

**VICK
VAPOUR-RUB**

Checks colds
without "dosing"

Boyd PIANOS

Why buy a second-hand piano when for as little as 14/6d. a month you can possess a Boyd? Boyd pianos have been famous for 60 years and each model carries the actual manufacturer's guarantee. Over 50,000 satisfied customers. Initial payment secures delivery. Write or call for catalogue.

BOYD, LTD.,
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London, E.C.1.

Branches and
Agents throughout
the country.

Models
from
14/6
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month

B34

A GREATEST HOUR of the CIRCUS

Getting 5,000 Laughs



by
**BERTRAM
MILLS**

The great showman with his familiar background—Olympia during circus-time

TO find the one hour of my eventful life I would most of all like to live over again, and to recall what led up to it, I must go back many years. . . .

To when I had, among other interests, a coach builder's and harness-maker's business. And the war came, and instead of coaches, carriage factories all over the country made aeroplanes; my farm at Edware was turned into a remount depot, and I went into the Royal Army Service Corps.

The war over, I needed a job, and was looking around for something to do when during Christmas week of 1919 I was invited by some friends to go to a circus at Olympia.

At supper afterwards I was asked my opinion of the show. I replied, "If I couldn't put on a better one I'd eat my hat." This was greeted with roars of laughter, which increased when I remarked that I hardly knew an English performer by sight.

Possibly the laughter nettled me. Anyhow, I went home with the determination that I would run a circus of my own in London.

When I told my wife she was not pleased; in fact, she was very definitely worried. All the same, I decided to take the risk.

Not that the circus was altogether new to me. My coach and harness business had repeatedly taken me to the Continent to exhibit my horses and carriages at the Concours Hippique at Paris, and similar shows at Brussels, The Hague, and a dozen other places.

On the Continent wherever there is a horse show a circus is sure to be pitched alongside; there was hardly a Continental circus of note I had not seen. I knew most of the Continental circus men and many of the performers. My mornings were free and as I had an open invitation from the artists, I occupied this spare time in watching them train and school their animals. This so fascinated me that I never missed a session if I could possibly help it. The circus must have been in my bones!

A sporting offer

I had seen the travelling circuses in England before and after the war, and, sitting among audiences, had sensed that the lure of the circus was as strong as ever among English people. But in my amateurish way I considered the shows had not kept pace with the times, and had also let the finest English performers be tempted away to the Continent or America.

John Ringling's friend, the late John McEntee Bowman, of the American Bowman Biltmore Hotels fame, was in London when I signed my first contract for Olympia; he suggested to John Ringling that he should, at the end of the year, bring his famous Ringling, Barnum and Bailey's Circus to London.

John Ringling agreed, and on that I went ahead with the necessary arrangements. That was early in 1921.

Late in July of that year I received a cablegram from John Ringling stating that it was impossible to get their show to cross the Atlantic for the following Christmas; it had been found that the

transport difficulties were insurmountable.

But the message ended with one of the most sporting offers I have ever had. If I could, by hook or crook, get a show together, he would, "win or lose," stand by me.

I was already heavily involved financially—the rent of Olympia alone was considerable—and I determined to go forward on my own.

I had been on the Continent that year and was fairly familiar with what talent was available there, and where I could find it.

My next move was to go to America, where I had a good look at the circuses all over the country. Then I returned to New York and began to think.

Experience not wanted

I knew that if I was to make a circus at Olympia a success, my only hope was to engage the finest talent. Actually, that was not possible. At that time ex-"enemy" artists were still barred in England, and many of the best trapeze, horse and acrobatic acts were not available. However, I drew up a skeleton programme and returned to England. Eventually I secured most of the acts I wanted.

I had a very definite conception of what my circus was going to be; now I wanted the people who could share my vision and carry out my wishes.

It was, of course, impracticable to do everything myself; I had to delegate the work. I decided to have nobody on the executive staff who had been in the circus business before, as I wanted to strike out at a new angle.

At a weak moment, however, I did engage one man well versed and experienced in the ways of "the big top." Whenever I made a suggestion he would say: "Well, what we used to do. . . ." I sacked him. His was the sort of help I did not want. I didn't want to know what had always been done before!

Eventually I gathered around me a group of assistants who would carry out my orders and see what I was driving at. Not one of them had had any previous connection with the entertainment world.

At length, all my turns, literally gathered from the four corners of the world, were assembled at Olympia. The circus had been built; rehearsals started. Unforeseen and apparently unsolvable difficulties arose from day to day. Miraculously (as it seemed) they were solved and forgotten in the stress of a new one.

Now, a good band is essential for the smooth working of the acts in the ring. Most of them depend upon the beat of the music. To determine the best position for the band I called in and con-

sulted six experts on acoustics. They were unanimous in their choice of its location. But the first rehearsal was so bad (acoustically) that I had to have a new band-stand built during the night, positioned where I had originally thought the band should be. And I was right.

I sat through the dress rehearsal in a state of increasing tension and nerves. Everything seemed wrong. It seemed impossible that I should succeed in getting the show over on the following day. The rehearsal itself lasted for nearly four hours instead of the scheduled two and a half. It had to be drastically cut.

I spent the night with the ringmaster, deleting, pulling together, re-dressing and even altering the sequence of the acts. I left him at five o'clock in the morning, bathed, changed my clothes and breakfasted, and then went straight into the ring again for another rehearsal called for eight o'clock.

At half-past two the show started. I stood in the entrance to the ring and watched it. I followed with anxious eyes the opening parade across the ring; I watched turn after turn. Naturally I saw only the things which were wrong.

I regretted the light-hearted way I had vowed to "put on a better show or eat my hat." I had estimated on losing on the season; I saw that loss assume unbelievable figures. I even speculated on the law of bankruptcy! I wondered who on earth could be tempted to come to such a circus. . . . and at that thought and for the first time I took my eyes off the ring and looked around me.

I was thrilled.

"I was mesmerised"

I saw that 5,000 (that was the seating in my first season—now it is 6,000) people had no eyes but for what was happening in the ring. The children laughed, their elders laughed. . . .

Never again did my eyes return to the ring—I knew what was happening there! But the audience seemed mesmerised by the ring—and I was mesmerised by the audience.

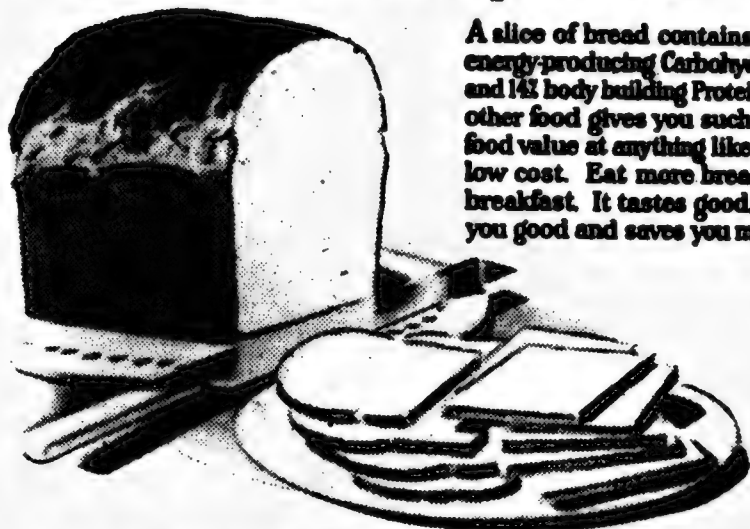
Suddenly I realised, despite all my forebodings, that I had succeeded in putting the show over.

That realisation and watching that delighted audience was the greatest hour of my life!

And the unexpected success of that "hour" was continued for the rest of the season.

At the best I had expected to lose money; I had even, in anticipation of this, spread the production expenses over a term of years. They were practically paid for at the end of my first season.

You get more nourishment from a slice of **BREAD** than from any other food at an equal cost



A slice of bread contains 72% energy-producing Carbohydrates and 14% body building Protein. No other food gives you such high food value at anything like such low cost. Eat more bread for breakfast. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an extra slice of BREAD at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION

C.F.H.

REJUVENATION WITHOUT DRUGS



The **Real Way**
to conquer
INDIGESTION
"NERVES"
RHEUMATISM

Phillips Yeast will work wonders for you. It revitalises your entire being and in a very short time brings back all your old Vigour and Energy—NOT by drugs, but in a perfectly natural and harmless way. PHILLIPS Yeast is pure and live. Taken with meals—just a few Granules or two small Tablets—its action begins at once by regulating your digestion, restoring your nerves and purifying your blood. Your ailments soon disappear; you feel full of vitality and years younger. All men and women over 35 should take a little PHILLIPS Yeast daily for 2 or 3 weeks in every month. Phillips Yeast contains the life-giving Vitamins B¹ and B² in fullest measure.

IN GRANULES or TABLETS
Phillips
YEAST
puts LIFE into you!

Of all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in Granules or TABLETS. All bottles contain generous quantities. For example, the 3/- bottle of Tablets contains sufficient for a fortnight's treatment for two persons. INTERESTING BOOKLET post free from Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept. J.B.2.), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10, or 150 Regent Street, W.1.

"Terrible
Cough . .
practically gone . .
after two applications"



"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation."

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again."

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.



MUSTARD OINTMENT England
Musterole Fine Products Company, Limited
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

When he opens it on Christmas morning



..he will be delighted with
the fine, fresh condition of
Bondman

That's the beauty of Bondman—it is always fresh. Either Bondman Virginia or Bondman Empire Blend provides the ideal gift for the discerning smoker. Bondman always ensures a perfectly conditioned smoke because each vacuum tin is sealed against heat, damp and time. Give Bondman

A BLEND OF
COLONIAL &
VIRGINIAN
TOBACCOS

10d

RICH
RUDDY
VIRGINIA

11 1/2d
PER OZ.

2 oz. 1/11d—4 oz. 3/10d this Xmas . . . it's fresher! **PER OZ.**

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN TOBACCO
PACKED IN VACUUM SEALED TINS

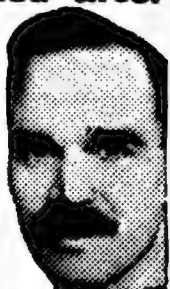
Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Why this STOMACH REMEDY *always succeeds*

In order to make a complete recovery from Indigestion, Gastritis or Stomach Ulcer your treatment must reach the root cause of the mischief. It is because 'Bisurated' Magnesia does this with amazing efficacy that it has held the field for over 20 years as the supreme cure for stomach troubles. There are thousands of men and women who have enjoyed good digestion for years simply through the curative power of 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

GASTRITIS ended after 29 years.

Mr. H. P. Martin, Corn & Seed Stores, High Street, Kelvedon, Essex, writes:—"I have suffered with gastritis for the last 29 years and have had two operations and been in 5 hospitals... Seeing your advertisement for 'Bisurated' Magnesia I bought a bottle and am pleased to tell you I got free from pain almost at once... I can eat my food without fear of pain and am better in health than I have been since I was 20 years of age."



from a recent photo of Mr. Martin



from a recent photo of Mrs. Bulman

'Bisurated' Magnesia BROUGHT INSTANT RELIEF! Mr. Bulman, of Hull writes:—"My wife suffered stomach trouble for fifteen years, tried nearly everything possible without relief until she tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia which worked wonders. There is nothing to beat it, and after what I have seen her suffer, absolutely prostrated with pain, I think it my duty to sufferers to let them know of your wonderful remedy."

Advice to Sufferers.

Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat what you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

Made in the Pharmaceutical Laboratories at Braydon Road, London, N.16. Manufacturers of Fine Pharmaceuticals for over 20 years. Proprietors: BISMAG LTD.

HONEY AND PINE TO CURE COUGHS.

For generations housewives have found home-made honey syrup a remarkably effective treatment for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and sore throat. Even now this famous old remedy is unrivalled for quick and sure relief. Though few women can spare the necessary time to make honey syrup, the healing ingredients of the original recipe are obtainable in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, which contains Oil of Pine to destroy germ infection, Honey to soothe and heal cough-torn tissue, Squills and Ipecac to cut choking phlegm, and Menthol to clear blocked air passages. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup instantly soothes throat soreness and "tickle," stops that irritating cough and restores the deep nasal breathing so essential to health. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is supplied by chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and if you suffer with cough or any form of bronchial trouble, this well-tried remedy will give you immediate relief.

FREE! A Splendid 90 Piece JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

Send name and address, together with front of a 'Pineate' Honey Syrup carton, to Bismag Ltd. (Dept. R110), Braydon Road, London, N.16; puzzle will be sent you free by return post.

It is Christmas Eve, and Ward B looks wonderful to-day; at the top end there's a gigantic Christmas-tree—so large, in fact, that the fairy on the highest branch touches the ceiling and has to bend over, all-embracingly. On the tree is one toy for each boy, and tinsel and coloured bulbs that will sparkle generously to-night.

The ward is glowing with colour from the entwining decorations; there are flowers everywhere; even the temperature charts look cheerful, framed in holly.

This year we have twenty boys in Ward B, mostly between the ages of seven and ten. Luckily, none of them is seriously ill—in fact,

two could have spent Christmas at home, but they've pleaded to stay, and—well, we understood.

All to-day has been filled with an atmosphere of suppressed excitement, wonderings and speculations, secrets to be told and heaps of "wishing it was to-morrow."

At eight o'clock in the evening the carol-singers arrive. About fifty nurses enter, singing as they come and carrying long sticks on which are soft-lighted fairy lamps. The ward is in darkness except for these and the firelight, which sends flickering reflections up and down the white uniforms. The nurses sing one or two carols and move slowly off, still singing. You can hear their voices growing fainter and fainter as they pass through distant wards.

During this day the stuff of Santa Claus has lain hidden in Sister's room, all arranged in twenty neat piles, and, in addition to the parents' gifts, there is one toy and a threepenny-piece for each boy, and apples and oranges and boxes of sweets that just fit into the toe of the stocking—these are given by the hospital.

Some parents have been able to send their youngster a host of gifts, others could only send one, perhaps. So, from a large hamper of toys and games, these have been supplemented, until each of the twenty piles is roughly of the same size.

Gently!

It is night-nurse's duty, now, first to persuade twenty squirming little boys that Santa Claus, with his usual objection to juvenile wakefulness, will certainly not come until they are all genuinely asleep—and then, later, to play Santa Claus to them all herself.

And what a tremulous business it is! You creep to Sister's room for the first stockingful and tie it securely on the first bedrail, then you gently lower the bigger toys down to the foot of the bed—and back again for the next batch.

No matter how careful you are, something will slip from your arm—and a crashing railway-engine makes pandemonium on the polished floor. Fearful, you wait for the whole ward to spring to clattering life... Not a stir. You breathe again, pick up the toy and go on.

As you steal about, an involuntary movement will almost terrify you for an instant—a caught breath or a cough. But they are all sleeping evenly.

Seven o'clock is the official waking time on Christmas morning, as on every other morning, but by that time, when the day nurse takes over, they have been awake for an hour in Ward B, sitting up in bed to investigate... to try out drums and squeakers and clockwork engines.

There's a hearty chorus of "Merry Christmas!" as you come in, and, straight away, they must know what you got for Christmas, too, and you must inspect each separate toy and show proper appreciation.

Now there are huge bowls of fruit and sweets about the ward and crackers beside each bed—some of them have been pulled already, for there's a paper hat on a head here and there.

WARD B gets the FEVER!



Young Tony of Ward B sends his annual order to one Santa Claus, via his Secretary-Nurse

by A STAFF NURSE

You dress them in brand new clothes, jerseys and trousers and stockings, which Sister has saved up till to-day, and those who are able—the bulk of them—get up and have breakfast together around one table.

The excitement hasn't affected their appetites, anyhow.

Immediately after breakfast a new patient is brought in—a nine-year-old, who is weeping copiously at the thought of spending Christmas in hospital—and also, no doubt, because he is suffering from "abdominal pains" (he's been putting in too much practice for Christmas, apparently).

The other boys are very sorry for him, you can see. They crowd about his bed, let him play with their toys, lend him their "comics," and—but, "No, Charlie, stuffed dates would not be good for him!" However, in half an hour they have succeeded in getting him to dry his tears and making him completely at home.

Meanwhile, we have to smuggle another toy on the Christmas-tree, and dip into the hamper to see what is left for him.

Wee financier

The morning slips away quickly. Before long a large number of toys have been "swapped," and several boys have already regretted the exchange; Nurse is called upon to make complicated negotiations in order to restore possessions to their original owners after they have passed through many hands. Once or twice there are near-tears, a squabble or two for Nurse to settle gently but firmly. Much romping and shouting.

Then I discover that one quiet little dark-haired fellow has collected ten of his ward-mates' Christmas stocking threepenny-bits, having sold all his newly acquired presents at the stock price.

Tommy begins to wail. The string that limited the range of his pop-gun's cork has got broken, and the cork has vanished completely, and—what's the

good of a pop-gun that won't go "pop!"? A frenzied search in the medicine cupboard reveals a new cork that fits, and Tommy is soon beaming again.

I'm kept busy, too, thinking out reasons why I've no use for a black cat with movable joints or a monkey that runs up ladders—sometimes, in fact, it's more tactful to take the toy and find some means of returning it later, by which time the donor has probably repented of his generosity, anyway!

Several visits this morning. The M.P. comes along with boxes of sweets—they call him by this Christian name when he's gone, little beggars—and a Scout gang brings more toys.

It isn't officially a visiting day to-day, but if parents call they are admitted, of course. Actually, we see very few to-day—this is a workers'

neighbourhood, and mother and father have their hands more than full with their own preparations at home.

The doctor comes next and plays Uncle to them all. He's passionately fond of kiddies—and they all love him. Tommy's popgun fascinates him; it is only when Tommy begins to pout again that he can be persuaded to part with it... We bundle him out—it's time for dinner: roast beef and plum pudding, crackers to pull, paper hats to wear.

Someone comes into Ward B who can play the piano and the boys sing lustily, make up a mock concert, play musical arms. They hunt the thimble, and reduce a probationer nurse to red-faced exhaustion at blind-man's buff. (You can't wriggle under beds to catch them!)

All asleep

Maybe there'll be a self-conscious recitation. Charades; but nobody can concentrate properly to-day, and they soon pall.

Iced cake at tea-time. More games. Then, at seven o'clock, washing and bed. They're all asleep in ten minutes.

It's still Christmas, really, for the rest of the week. The nurses give their concert in each ward; one of the big stores sends down a ventriloquist, and there's a Punch and Judy show for Ward B.

The man puts the show together behind a screen, but the boys know all about it, anyhow, for—unfortunate coincidence!—one of their fathers is a Punch and Judy man himself, and it is apparent that he has kept no secrets from his son! However, they revel in the show, and insist on helping the man to take it all to pieces again afterwards. Dog Toby comes in for pats from every sticky little hand and for so many delicacies that we begin to wonder whether he'll be the next patient for Ward B!

Last of all, there's the Christmas-tree to strip with tremendous, awe-inspiring ceremony. Matron herself comes to make the distribution of presents, and the doctor's there, too (he gets a penny squeaker that's very squeaky and makes you all laugh when he blows it).

Until there's not a toy left on the tree; only the tinsel and the little coloured lights.

And, on the highest branch, the fairy who touches the ceiling and bends down, all-embracingly...



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MRS. G. R. . . , HALL END, WARWICKSHIRE

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What I'd Do with the Defiant Daughter

SURELY a defiant daughter is the product of a parent who does not understand her child?

If I had one I should first look into myself, and ask, "How am I failing as a parent?" I should then reason with my daughter, treat her as a friend, and discuss her defiance with her.

At the end of the discussion we should both have had an insight into the other's point of view, and we could both do our share in mastering the fault.—*M. S., Cambridge.*

Gain Confidence

I would point out that much more pleasure is to be gained by spending money honestly earned by herself.

I'd encourage her to bring her friends home, and let her know how I liked to see her enjoy herself. I would try to get her to tell me of her pleasure and her troubles, and so gain her confidence.

In this way she would retain her parents' love and the esteem of her friends, at the same time enjoying the good time all modern girls like.—*Mrs. P. S., Lincs.*

A Third Person

Remembering that "The onlooker sees most of the game," this is how I should deal with my defiant daughter.

I should get a neutral person to discuss the situation with both of us. I would try to be just to my daughter, see the matter from her point of view, and trust that she would be able to see mine.

If this failed I would then give her the alternative of conforming to the rules of the household, or leaving home.—*H. C. L., Wealdstone.*

Guide, Lead, Help

As a clergyman-psychologist I have ample opportunity to prove that defiance is the offspring of thwarted desire. A daughter desires a latchkey of her own; it is a medium whereby she may express her freedom. Refusal results in defiance.

Treatment is found in the modification of the desire. Watch the root and the plant will look after itself. Guide, lead, help the desire. Defiance will not then act as a cancerous growth.—*"Mission," Bridgend.*

Early to Rise . . .

First of all I would hide the defiant girl's clothes, leaving her just a few rags to cover herself. At six in the morning I would awaken her and if she wasn't up within five minutes I would drench her with cold water. All food would be under lock and key and she would get nothing to eat until she had tidied herself and cleaned the rooms. She would get no allowance for cigarettes, and would



A domestic revolt—the defiant daughter delivers her ultimatum—a film scene

by **LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors**

have to go out to work for money. As for the boys, that would right itself.—*R. D., Bristol.*

Hard Up

I would prescribe about two years as domestic help on a Canadian farm. Early rising, hard work in plenty, and very different social conditions would soon stop the desire to "run around."

The average farmer's wife would quickly cure her cigarette habit, teach her good housekeeping and cookery, and give her an entirely new outlook on life.

Over there, "won't works" don't eat, yet few people die of starvation. The changed life would quickly remove that apparently inherited indolent trait.—*F. D., Darlington.*

Find Her Work

The defiant girl is a product of the times, in common with the gunman, the bandit, and the bootlegger.

There is one way of curing her ills, and that is by finding her employment suited to her disposition.

Failing a regular job she should be compelled to attend classes and be educated to usefulness. She could be paid for good work.

The State will find it less expensive to train girls to usefulness than to punish them when they rebel against despair.—*E. D. R., Broadhead.*

Wise Handling

I'd speak quietly, show good temper and self-control, and give defiance little to feed on. Irritation, angry ill-timed argument and unreasonable threats are almost enough to create defiance.

I'd show I loved her and appreciated her good points.

Often I'd ignore her or keep discreet silence; if absolutely necessary I'd punish, though this would need tremendous wisdom and judgment. I'd look for the

cause: is it freedom abused, unsatisfactory friends, lack of balance, or "inherited"? There's no quick cure, but love, patience and wise handling will win in almost every case.—*"Seventy Times Seven," Cambridge.*

Bare Necessities

The defiant daughter's life is obviously made too comfortable. Deny her all but the bare necessities of life, with no meals in bed, whatever hour she sees fit to rise. The plainest of clothing, woollen stockings and sensible underwear.

Surely she would be glad to get up and earn the money to buy those things dear to the heart of any normal girl of eighteen.—*D. M. P., N.W.10.*

Determination

The daughter who assumes she can go to hell in her own way should be made to understand that it is to be rough from the start. There's still virtue in a leather "tawse," ample justification for a plain "Get up, or—get out!"

Meet tears with determination, truculence with a strap, state emphatically that homely shelter carries an obligation to keep the roof over her head.

Erring daughters, and sons, are too often the product of herring-backed parents.—*R. W., Notts.*

Compulsion

As a mother who has reared six girls to womanhood I advise treating a defiant daughter according to her temperament. First endeavour to remove the cause of the trouble. Then with a nervous girl use patience, with a weak-willed girl, tact, while with a proud, pert miss, use banter and irony.

In every case of rebellious insolence I would use compulsion, even to tears. They do no harm to hardened hearts, whereas to allow such girls absolute immunity from correction means certain disaster.—*G. H., Denbigh.*

"Pals" Attitude

Always bear in mind not to do anything that would tend to drive her from parental influence.

Adopt a "pal's" attitude to her, and get her to tell her troubles and problems. Try to find the reason for her defiance. The reason found, a remedy can more easily be assured.

Point out tactfully the danger and unhappiness to herself of her present state of mind. Try to guide her from one's own wide experience of life. And, above all, never threaten her with punishment except as the very last resort.—*G. L., Brighton.*

The best way to deal with rebellious offspring is to hit them hard and often with kindness and reasoned argument.—*Radio Maid, Notts.*

I would take a sympathetic interest in my daughter's doings, try to keep an up-to-date outlook, and banish the stunting dogma of "in my young days."—*William, Mitcham.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on December 16

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) EVERTON v. Sunderland.
- (2) W.B. ALBION v. Aston Villa.
- (3) ARSENAL v. Chelsea.
- (4) BIRMINGHAM v. Leicester.
- (5) Blackburn v. Huddersfield.
- (6) DERBY v. Sheffield U.
- (7) LEEDS v. Wolverhampton.
- (8) MANCHESTER C. v. Liverpool.
- (9) Middlesbrough v. Portsmouth.
- (10) NEWCASTLE v. Stoke.
- (11) Wednesday v. HOTSPUR.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) SWANSEA v. Manchester U.
- (2) Lincoln v. Brentford.
- (3) Millwall v. BOLTON.
- (4) BLACKPOOL v. Grimsby.
- (5) BRADFORD C. v. Forest.
- (6) BURY v. Burnley.
- (7) FULHAM v. Preston.
- (8) HULL v. Oldham.
- (9) NOTTS COUNTY v. Plymouth.
- (10) PORT VALE v. West Ham.
- (11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Q.P. RANGERS v. C. Palace.
- (2) Newport v. Bristol R.
- (3) NORWICH v. Southend.
- (4) ALDERSHOT v. Bournemouth.
- (5) Brighton v. Charlton.
- (6) Bristol C. v. COVENTRY.
- (7) ORIENT v. Reading.
- (8) LUTON v. Cardiff.
- (9) Northampton v. Exeter.
- (10) SWINDON v. Watford.
- (11) TORQUAY v. Gillingham.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) BARROW v. Accrington.
- (2) WALSALL v. Wrexham.
- (3) DONCASTER v. Gateshead.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) Queen's Park v. ABERDEEN.
- (2) HIBERNIANS v. Dundee.
- (3) St. Johnstone v. Hearts.
- (4) Ayr UNITED v. Airdrie.
- (5) CELTIC v. St. Mirren.
- (6) Cowdenbeath v. MOTHERWELL.
- (7) Hamilton v. RANGERS.
- (8) KILMARNOCK v. Falkirk.
- (9) PARTICK v. Third Lanark.
- (10) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Clyde.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute John Bull selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (H); Div. II.—6 (H); Southern Section—5 (A); Northern Section—10 (H); Scottish League—4 (H) would indicate Arsenal, Bury, Coventry, Stockport and Ayr United.

Send a postcard to *The Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, if you would like a copy of the great "how-to-win" pool chart. *The Sporting Life* gives exclusive football pool features every day and a full list of dividends on Mondays.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Monday, December 18.

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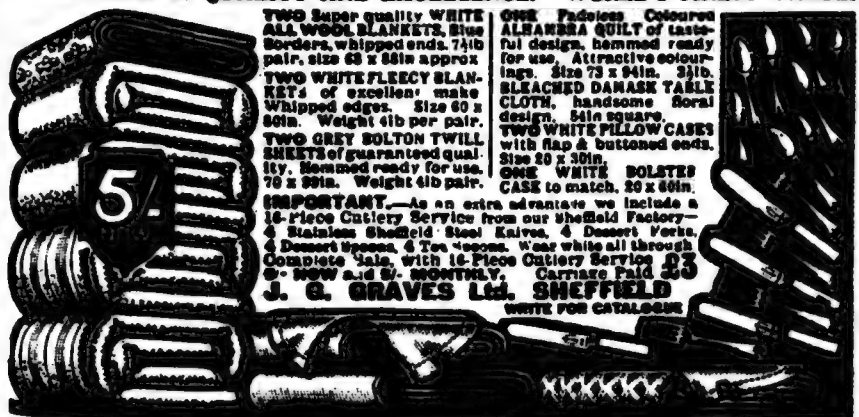
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(Mrs) E. E. Carter

The photo below shows Mr. & Mrs. A. Carter with their two healthy little kiddies.



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Arthur Carter



FAIR-PLAY OFFER. Secure from your chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton. All chemists 1/3 & 3/-.

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You call it Back-ache, but do you know your agony is but one of the many symptoms of kidney trouble?

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—yes, kidney trouble, that is the hidden cause of the intense pain, the hour-by-hour, down-dragging misery you endure.

Most confidently we assert that if kidney trouble is sapping your energy, causing bad backache, joint pains, aching muscles, urinary disorders or bad nights, you cannot do better than start at once with De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills.

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The editor laughs last



S. B. (Falkirk).—"Do you know why we Scots never put a lucky threepenny-bit in the Christmas puddings?" For fear one of you may swallow it

DOCTOR (Bristol).—"Germs couldn't live in a house with no fires and all the windows open." Neither could we.

HUSBAND (Alnwick).—"I am always pleased when my wife saves money." What do you do, borrow it?

S. P. (Barnet).—"An American claims to have visited every church in England." A champion steeple-chaser.

W. W. (Chepstow).—"I don't believe my husband has done a good action in his life." Well, he married you!

N. D. (Kew).—"Is there ever a time when you feel that you just can't get on?" Yes, at a bus stop.

BILL (South Shields).—"My wife thinks there is no other man like me." Surely you are not as bad as that.

COMEDIAN (Hull).—"I feel it in my bones beforehand if my turn is to be a success." And afterwards, if it wasn't.

B. B. (Wells).—"Don't you think it is to my credit that I am now a teetotaler?" Perhaps it's your lack of it.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"Men who submit to dictatorship are nincompoops." That's a funny name for married men.

BILLY (Reading).—"How do I take a photograph indoors?" Just open the door and walk in with it.

T. G. (Esher).—"A drunken man sees a joke more readily than a man who is sober." He probably sees the joke twice.

LOVER (Hereford).—"What do you think her father did when I eloped with her?" Moved, so that you couldn't find him again.

F. K. (Clevedon).—"Why are married men the biggest liars?" Probably because their wives will ask awkward questions.

J. T. (Oxford).—"Is there a single one of the great figures of history who was not dull as a boy?" How about Joan of Arc?

MEDICO (Reading).—"It is good for a man to forget all about his work occasionally." Income-tax collectors, please note.

C. W. E. (Immingham).—"In the long run wealth seldom brings complete happiness." Perhaps not, but you do get a run for your money.

G. A. W. (Ingoldsby).—"There is no doubt that women experience a real thrill in having the last word." Especially if it's "Yes" to a proposal.

D. L. (Iver).—"A portable bungalow has been invented." If this sort of thing goes on an Englishman's home will be his parcel.

FARMER (Lavenham).—"Lambs hate fumes from motor-car exhausts." Then we can't imagine one following Mary nowadays.

HORTICULTURIST (Barnet).—"A friend of mine is always reading books on gardening and is very stuck-up about his knowledge of the subject." He has developed a kind of haughty-culture.

H. F. (Walsall).—"What do the letters O.H.M.S. mean?" Trouble, as a rule.

C. S. (Deal).—"The modern girl doesn't go in for he-men." No, she goes out for them.

E. K. (Grimsby).—"I want to get my own back." Whose are you using in the meantime?

W. B. (Watford).—"I am advertising for girls for pickling." What have they done to deserve that?

BELINDA (Highgate).—"I have destroyed all the negatives that were taken of me last summer." Over-exposed?

D. F. (Balham).—"I first met my hubby in the basement of a West End store." And you snatched a bargain?

H. P. (Bradford).—"Money spoils most women." But most women love to be spoiled.

J. MacD. (Glasgow).—"It is ridiculous the way municipal rates go up and down." Yes, what do they go up for?

EARLY BIRD (Bottisham).—"I first met my husband in a meadow at 5 a.m." Are you telling us he is a worm?

WRITER (Chelsea).—"Is woman ever held up as a shining example?" Not if she can possibly get hold of a powder-puff.

B. B. (Brighton).—"Many men of seventy to-day are as good as men half their age a century ago." Better—they're alive.

T. B. (Southend).—"Where do all the old salts, so ready with their yarns at the seaside, go in the winter time?" Back home to Camberwell and Greenwich.



If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

L. L. (Bath).—"Her kisses have become famous." On everybody's lips, eh?

BERTA (Belgravia).—"I and my friends could marry anyone we please. And you can't please anyone?"

N. B. (Heston).—"She who dare be slimmed, plucked and permed is a heroine." And only a hero can marry her.

JACK (Dumfries).—"I have a friend with a handle to his name." We hope he is not a "mug."

REBEL (Arundel).—"The time is coming when every man will have his own bit of land." That is, of course, if he has not arranged to be cremated.

J. F. (Burton).—"Why does every fool who passes new paint touch it to see if it is wet?" Every fool doesn't. Some touch it to see if it is dry.

H. B. (Totteridge).—"Statistics show that millionaires have ceased to multiply." We'll like it even better when they begin to divide.

ARCHITECT (Whitton).—"The Government-subsidised houses seem to be all nooks and corners." How Governments do love their recesses!

INSURANCE AGENT (Holborn).—"Most fires start quite naturally." While many have to be coaxed and wheedled for half an hour.

ARTIST (Chiswick).—"Three times the committee has thrown down my picture." It evidently thinks it looks best face downwards.

L. X. (Bath).—"I am seventy-four years old and have just seen my first talking film. I would never have believed such things possible." We saw that film too.

R. M. (Taunton).—"Household pets are very often jealous of each other." One can sympathise with the feelings of a Manx cat on realising that it can never be a tail-wagger like the family dog.

N. D. (Liverpool).—"A financial statistician says that we are likely to have another depression in 1955." That's good news in a way. We feared it was going to be the same one.

J. F. (Dover).—"England is reported to be sinking to sea-level at the rate of nine inches every century." That's why so many people are practising to swim the Channel.

P. W. (Streatham).—"Confidence in our statesmen is the only prescription for the cure of hard times." Yes, and it must be about right for taking. It's been well shaken.

F. R. (Wokingham).—"When, after all one's hard work, the profit amounted to only eightpence, wasn't that enough to make one bitter?" Two bitters, surely.

E. C. A. (Bradford).—"I wonder how long my first cash prize will be?" Well, this week's £500 cheque on page 43 will be exactly 8½ in. long—but you won't win it by wondering.

FRANK (London, W.).—"Last week an explosion occurred in a London hotel grill-room." In the end, however, the diner calmed down and agreed to pay the bill.

Mrs. S. (Newcastle).—"I took up cookery lessons while my husband was away, and what do you think he did immediately after he came home?" Went away again.

D. M. (Clacton).—"A scientist is making experiments regarding the effect of alcohol on fish." There is nothing new in this. Everybody knows that herrings can get soaked and pickled and sardines oiled and canned.

EDITH (Westerham).—"Some babies learn to talk very suddenly." It is awkward for a pretty nursemaid when her tiny charge leans forward in the pram and tells her to make sure that the handsome young soldier isn't already married.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ERNIE :

by Jane Noël
and R. J. Bailey



Do YOU suffer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS

Is it your unfortunate lot to be prevented at more or less frequent intervals from following your occupation owing to periodic attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis? Are you unable to enjoy the simple pleasures of life because you can never be sure when an attack will come on? Those suffering discomfort and misery, wretched days and sleepless nights may all be remedied by using Potter's Asthma Cure and the best thing about it is that the relief you gain is immediate, and you are delivered from the wretchedness that you have been enduring for years.



Night has no terrors for this sufferer now!

A. P. of Waddon, Surrey, writes:—"I am writing to say how thankful I am that I was persuaded to try Potter's Asthma Cure. Having suffered terribly from Asthma for years I was greatly surprised at the relief given. During the cold and foggy weather I burn a little every night in the bedroom before going to bed and I am certain that it is the only way I can get a good night's sleep. Since trying Potter's Asthma Cure I can honestly say that I have overcome all fears that are associated with Asthma. You are at liberty to use this letter as you wish."

Always keep a supply of Potter's Asthma Cure in the house. It is invaluable in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Catarrh and other lung and chest troubles.

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO
OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles, and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

FREE to Readers of "John Bull"
GIFTS VALUE
£100 IN
CASH PRIZES
25/- EACH

P. D. ARMOUR, the great meat magnate, was once asked by a young man what kind of business he should go into. Armour replied:

"SELL SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS."

We go further than giving advice; we give our Club Agents, free of all charge, sufficient stock to enable them to start and maintain their own business.

10 lbs. of SA-TA Digestive Tea, packed in 40 quarter-pound packets, value 25/-, is yours—FREE—if you post the coupon below. The 10 lbs. of Tea is yours to do as you wish—to USE or to SELL. If you decide to become a SA-TA TEA AGENT you will receive a commission of 6d. per lb. on your sales.

You can easily add £1 to £2 per week to your income, because SA-TA TEA IS "SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS!" Why stop at TEA? Everybody NEEDS—Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Blankets, Bedding and all Household Goods. As a GOLDEN CLUB AGENT—you can sell ALL these goods and your income will increase by leaps and bounds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to obtain 20 of your friends to pay 1/- per week for 20 weeks and your GOLDEN CLUB is formed. You will collect 20/- each week and remit to us. In return we shall immediately despatch the goods ordered to the customer—whose address you give us. At the completion of your Club, value £20, you will receive a CASH COMMISSION of 32/6 (including postage)—OR—GOODS to the value of 40/-, PLUS a Profit-sharing Voucher, value 10/-.

A combination of a SA-TA TEA AGENCY—AND A GOLDEN CLUB AGENCY will guarantee a regular income for you in your OWN business. Furthermore—ALL CLUB AGENTS participate in our £100 FREE PRIZE SCHEME!

WE WANT TO SEND YOU YOUR FREE GIFT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—therefore POST THE COUPON TO-DAY so that we may send you immediately our mammoth Catalogue, Collection cards and full Club literature. Immediately your Club is working we shall send you FREE OF ALL CHARGE, as an absolute gift, 10 lbs. of Tea, value 25/-.

SELL GOODS THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS. Become a GOLDEN CLUB AGENT, obtain your FREE GIFT OF STOCK. START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND EARN BIG MONEY REGULARLY.

COUPON. FORM OF APPLICATION.

Please enrol me as an organiser of The SARTOR GOLDEN CLUB. 14 days after my Club is formed I am to receive a gift of Tea—Value 25/-—ABSOLUTELY FREE of all charge. In addition, on completion of my Club, I am to receive CASH to the amount of 32/6 (including postage) or GOODS to the value of 40/-—PLUS a Profit-sharing voucher value 10/-. Please send me the necessary stationery and outfit to enable me to start at once.

Name.....

Address.....

Post in unsealed envelope—d. stamp—to:—
The SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.S.), Derby Street, MANCHESTER 2.

DON'T DELAY—POST ADVERT TODAY

Are You CHAINED TO YOUR CHAIR by Agonising BAD LEG?

CAN'T go out . . .
CAN'T do the housework
CAN'T sleep . . .

What is YOUR skin trouble? Whether it's just a Rash or a painful BAD LEG the Germolene tin holds CERTAIN Relief!



Read These

Sensational Stories of

Germolene Skin Healing

Each of these letters is absolutely TRUE—every word was penned by men and women who suffered just like you are suffering! Follow their example—take the Germolene way to Skin Health!

BAD LEG For five weeks I had a dreadful bad leg, the result of an accident. Nobody could give me anything to touch it—until I discovered Germolene Ointment. IT DID MORE GOOD THAN ALL OTHER TREATMENTS PUT TOGETHER; it ended my suffering and got me back to work in a week—and I am 62." Mr. R. Bedford, 13, St. Louis Road, West Norwood, S.E.27.

RASH "I had given up in despair trying to cure spots and blemishes all over my hands and face. Then I tried Germolene Ointment and they all vanished rapidly, and no fresh ones appeared."—(Miss) G.C., Beds.

PILES "Germolene has given me complete relief from a really terrible attack of PILES. Towards the end of last year I had a constant severe attack, prolonged over a couple of months. I had special advice and prescriptions without success—they told me an operation might be necessary! Then I saw your advertisement and decided to give Germolene Ointment a trial. The FIRST APPLICATION worked wonders—the irritation ceased, and within a week, Germolene had healed for good."—A.D., London.

BURNS "For seven weeks I suffered from very bad burns. For the first four weeks treatments did very little good. A friend of mine persuaded me to use Germolene and after the first two days an improvement was noticed. I have used altogether only two tins, and I am now practically better. Owing to the serious wound, I was afraid they would leave scars, but I am pleased indeed to tell you that they have healed without one."—A. Wimpenny, 4, Stanningley Road, Armley, Leeds.

It's the ASEPTIC ACTION that does it!

You Must Get
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC Ointment

To SOOTHE—in ONE MINUTE! Just sixty short seconds and maddening Itch and Pain begin to disappear . . . VANISH! No Burning or Smarting!

To PENETRATE deep to the ROOT of the trouble . . . gently ejecting dangerous dirt and poisons, making the wound thoroughly clean, ready for Germolene.

To HEAL in world's record time! The unique skin-and-tissue-building properties in Germolene Ointment build up new, healthy skin as clear as a child's! For BAD LEG, or ANY skin trouble, get back skin health by getting Germolene NOW!

For
OUTS, BURNS, ECZEMA, SOALDS, RASH, PILES, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, SORES, IMPETIGO, Etc.

Germolene
Brand
ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1'3 & 3'-

GERMOLENE medicated TOILET SOAP

Skin Beauty depends upon Skin HEALTH. Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap, charged with Germolene Ointment's unique soothing and healing properties, not only tones and cleanses the skin but keeps it free from unsightly blemishes. Try a tablet to-day and give your complexion the radiant bloom that comes only from health.

6D
Per Tablet

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW 2-IN-1 PENSION PRIZE and MORE GIANT HAMPERS

—ONE WITH EVERY RUNNERS-UP AWARD—

£2

EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE

plus

£100
BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP

£500

Cash

EXTRA **£100**
BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6P ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

CONTAINING TEN SEASONABLE LUXURIES
PLUMP SLURRY FOWL
SAUSAGES - PLUM
PUDDING - CAKE
FRUIT - CHOCOLATES
CIGARETTES - CRACKERS
BISCUITS - BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT

IF ONE LUMP SUM IS PREFERRED, £900 CASH WILL BE PAID

CHRISTMAS is close upon us, bringing you three clear days of leisure. Let our Crossword entertain you for an hour or two over the Christmas Holiday, for the big new offer which we launch this week makes an entry specially worth while.

The First, you will see, is a giant new Pension-plus-Cash award of £2 a week for life plus as much as £500 cash, with an increased lump sum of £900 if you prefer a single award.

And whilst Runners-up are dividing £200 as announced above, each of them is also to receive an additional award of a Giant Party Hamper. There is not a home in the land where one of these fine prizes, packed with seasonable luxuries of ten different kinds, would not be a welcome visitor early in the New Year.

To overcome the postal difficulties of Christmas week, we have arranged to close this one contest on the Friday following Christmas Day, not Thursday as usual. Be sure your entry is in by noon on Friday, December 29, if you want to be amongst this week's winners of Cash-plus-Hamper prizes—or receive a First Prize thrill on the following Thursday!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 Cash (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Party Hamper will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution and winner of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, January 11, 1934.

Winners in Contest No. 239 appear on page 4. Solution and Winners in Competition No. 240 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 28, as announced.

STUDY THESE OLUES

ACROSS

1. Victimised
4. Talk too much
6. Green fruit providing oil
7. Cigarette ends in
8. Takes the place of policeman
14. Excellent
15. Worship
17. What we do at meals
18. Short for father
20. Religious body
23. Expired
25. For travelling over snow
26. Take back what was said
28. Time past
30. Towards stern of vessel
32. Initiate
33. Meat is kept upon, in larder
34. She searches out bargains in this
35. Usually shrinks from washing

DOWN

1. Homeless man often goes to
2. Often driven into earth as support
3. Crank's views are this
4. Money for this is welcome
5. How Jonah was swallowed
9. It's filling
10. For most of us, it's a tram
11. Told fibs
12. Dust is often brushed from these
13. Turning key often makes this sound
16. Be in debt to
19. What skill they show!
21. Is often cut up for building
22. Right one makes hat more becoming
23. Seaside resort in, in some seasons
24. Show signs of depression
27. Occult tests yours
29. Helps the boat along
31. You ask lawyer's, nervously

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. For six squares send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE—for Eight Squares send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s. Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Friday, December 29, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPenny ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Each entrant may also submit four entry forms from next week's announcements, increasing entry fee accordingly. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 11, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 23, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

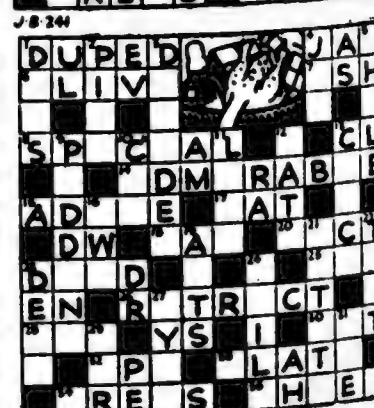
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between share's Newsagents.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send P.O. for 1/-. With 6 squares send P.O. for 1/6. With 8 squares send P.O. for 2/-. See Rule 2.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 241—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1933.



J B 241

J B 241

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 241—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1933.



J B 241

J B 241

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORD No. 241, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils. All the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shaver is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shaver will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shaver is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shaver, as there is no soda in Shaver to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter of the time that you would take with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful

looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



ELEANOR: Whoever is that handsome young man who has just come into the room? I've never seen him before. He has all the room looking at him. How bronzed and healthy he looks.

HER FRIEND: Oh, that's Jack Mordant. He is just home from the East. He's been snowed out, and you call him a young man; why, he's older than I am, and I am 48. While he was in the East he put on a dinner jacket every night. He let the Arabs know that he was civilized, and he swears by Shaver Cream. He declares it is that which keeps his face young and keeps his skin in such splendid condition. Many a time he has shaved without water. You have often to do these things in the East, as water is so scarce.

ELEANOR: How interesting. I want to be the first girl to be introduced.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6
Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the



1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14)
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

SALOME
SALOME was the beautiful daughter of Herodias. She married her father's brother Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, by Cleopatra. She charmed Herod by her wonderful dancing and her glorious figure. He promised her anything she desired and she asked for the head of John the Baptist. She was known

for her glorious complexion and her beautiful skin. The Oils we use in Zee-Kol Soap to-day were used in the East in those days. Cleopatra and Salome both covered their bodies with oil to keep their skins supple and youthful. The unguents in those days were the same oils as used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day.

DOGE CREAM THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles of the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

AT THE CASINO
SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naide. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hair-dresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.
For a sample of Doge Cream send ad. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. D. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Legs. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shaver Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

WET RASH ON SON'S LEGS

Inflamed and Spread to Arms and Face. Healed by Cuticura.

"Four months ago my son broke out with a wet rash on his legs. It was inflamed and soon spread to his arms and face. The irritation caused him restless nights. I tried almost everything without success. Then we read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. The first application gave relief. We purchased more and after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap, he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. S. Bramwell, 44, Marlow's Yard, High St., Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts., Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to soothe, Talcum to powder.

Soap 1s, Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d, Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: 7 Newbury & Sons, Ltd., 51, Essex St., London, E.C. 1.

NEW Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

GRAVES 'MATCH' OVERCOAT

The ideal garment for the football season. It adds to your pleasure and keeps you warm and comfortable in the severest weather.

Possesses all the virtues of garments offered at much higher prices including Style, Quality, Workmanship, and is unrivalled for Value. Carefully tailored in the latest fashion from handsome hard wearing materials in attractive colourings and patterns, and is perfectly finished in every detail. This 11.11. Overcoat is supplied in all sizes up to 44 in breast measurement. It is cut and made in comfortable and roomy belted style in the newest fashion, and supplied in warm & handsome Tweed Coatings in various shades of Brown, Fawn, and Grey Mixtures. 49/- Full Size Approval. TERMS: 7/- MONTHLY.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Write for full range of samples of the actual cloths of this and other overcoat styles, all offered at money-saving prices on Easy Terms J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



Send for this Free Gift Book.

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 29. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

Positive Proof of Efficacy!

GREAT ANAEMIC BENEFIT

Mrs. Reeve, 9, High Terrace, Ackworth Moor Top, Yorks, writes:—"I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic, Vitadatio. Years ago I became very Anæmic, languid, miserable and depressed, had awful headaches. By taking Vitadatio my ailments disappeared."

Vitadatio

The world-renowned HERBAL TONIC AND BLOOD-PURIFIER—Invaluable for BLOOD TROUBLES, LIVER, KIDNEY, AND STOMACH COMPLAINTS. If you are a sufferer, DO NOT DESPAIR—THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VITADATIO.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. It should be read by every sufferer. VITADATIO HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES—IT MAY SAVE YOURS. Sold by Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.), from VITADATIO, No 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

3 SPECIAL OFFERS.

Don't overlook the special offers made by the Shavee Zee-Kol Co. on p. 41. A free sample tube of Shavee, and samples of Zee-Kol Ointment and Dove Cream will be sent to all readers who cut out the coupons and enclose necessary postage. Don't hesitate to apply for your samples. Send now, while you think of it!

How He Got Back that Holiday Smile

"UNEMPLOYMENT figures down again," shout the newspaper headings. Then follow the neat statistics which show that the total of workless is down to 2,280,017.

That young man whose holiday photograph you see on this page knows how it feels to be one of those 2,280,017 unemployed. Months without work during the past two years have not helped back his holiday smile. But JOHN BULL has.

To-day, the home of Mr. G. W. Scragg at 314, Smithdown Road, Liverpool, is happier than it has been for a long, long time. Thanks to the £300 First Prize telegram which arrived one recent Friday, this clerk, his wife and baby son are going to enjoy the merriest Christmas they have ever known.

The few words which have driven the wolf from this "Bulleter's" door were those which headed our 916th prize-list: IN THE FADING LIGHT—"THE BOOK'S" BROUGHT NEARER.

"I am afraid I have not a clear recollection of how my winning *Bullet* was constructed," the winner admitted to JOHN BULL. "It is, however, a line of the type I favour—serious, but not gloomy and containing a metaphor. I usually attempt to get at least one of this type in each entry."

Spread over a period of seven years, Mr. Scragg's previous entries had brought him two £1 cheques, several Christmas Prizes and small awards. Never before last Thursday, however, had he known the thrill of seeing one of his *Bullets* in these columns.

"I have nothing but admiration for '*Bullets*,' *Bulletin*," runs his enthusiastic tribute to JOHN BULL's free weekly help to the prize-list. "Without the aid of this bright little paper, I don't suppose I should have reached the top."

The bulk of his prize-money, the winner declares, will be put away for the future. "I am only in a temporary situation," he explains, "and this win has brightened my outlook considerably. Thanks to *Bulleter's*, our Christmas will be far happier than we expected."



This clerk can afford another holiday now

Christmas was also in the thoughts of Mr. G. France, 77, Dickson Road, Blackpool, when he acknowledged his £50 Second Prize in this contest. "I have been doing my best to win a Christmas dinner from JOHN BULL," he tells us, "but never hoped it would be such a good one."

This winner—in business as a dairyman and grocer since the talkies wrecked his career as a violinist—goes on to tell us what a simple matter it was to evolve his telling *Bullet*, GOOD SIGN—DOESN'T "SQUEAK" WHEN "WINDY."

He remembered how a swinging sign squeaks in the wind—and then went on to consider how "windiness" makes people "squeak." Just a simple, everyday thought, but neatly expressed in clear and telling wording, this effort could well have been made up by anybody who appreciates its point.

Third in this list of winning *Bullets* came the joint effort of a West London couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshank, 48, Kent Road, Acton Green, who were responsible for that ingenious "nutshell" *Bullet*, HOPE'S LANTERN—TIMID DIM IT.

"Years ago we competed for some time, but gave it up as hopeless," confesses Mrs. Cruickshank. "Needless to say, after this £25 win we shall devote more attention to *Bullets*!"

You have read how three more "Bulleterers" have assured themselves a Christmas they will always remember. By entering some good *Bullets* by Saturday, December 30, your prize can be bigger than any of them secured—the fine sum of £500 with which to start the New Year and a Millionaire's 50-Guinea Radio Gramophone as well!

40 WAYS TO "BULLETS" SUCCESS

THE big prize *Bullets* in Competition No. 917 are not due on this page until next week. But since we always advise a would-be winner to study a list of successful efforts before tackling the *Examples*, we recall below for your assistance forty *Bullets* which won a substantial prize this year.

As you study their good points, notice that, however ingenious their phrasing, they are composed of simple, everyday words.

Not one of these winners, you will find, is a *Bullet* which you could not have made up yourself. Let that fact put extra impetus behind your attack on this week's array of prizes.

THE LANDLORD—FIGHTING GOUT—TENANT, RHEUMATISM.
BLAZING INFERNO—CREATES STEEL—"STEEL" CREATES.
NOW HE'S BOSS—I'M "DIRT"—NOT "BERT."
WHAT SHE'S TOLD—MAKES OTHER'S ACHES MOTHER'S.
WHEN I'VE GOT A JOB—THAT "BUZZER" WON'T "STING."
ROUND AND ROUND—HER "WORLD"—HE'S DRUNK.
TO KEEP THINGS GOING—WE'RE IMPOLED—NOT EMPLOYED.
SHINING LIGHT—UNNOTICED IN "BLAZING WORLD."
REMEMBER, DE VALERA—Revenue IS SWEET, TOO!
ON EDGE—FATHER, IN WEDDING GROUP.
TAXPAYERS DEMAND—MOON?—NO, MERELY "QUARTER."
WITH A SMILE—SIGHTLESS "SHOW US WAY."
WINNING HIS SPURS—OTHERS WINNING, HIS SPUR.
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS—FATE'S PENDULUM—KICK! SOCK!
HE LOVES HIS WORK, SO—PRINCE UNDERSTANDS MY "LOSS."
NEVER FAILS—ME, MY MA.
MY TIP—"PROSPERITY'S DERBY"—BRITISH DONKEY.
WITHOUT A MASTER—FATHER, "FOR MESSING ABOUT."
WHEN HUBBY'S SICK—"SICK OF HUBBY!" FORGOTTEN.
GRATITUDE—OR PLATITUDE "THANK HEAVEN!"
PAINTING THE FUTURE—PREVENTS ME FROM "ROTTING."
WILFUL WASTE—YET WILLING WANT.
GRIM STRUGGLE—MINE—"ONE AMONGST PLENTY."
BUSY FACTORY—CAN'T HEAR YOURSELF Sing.
CONSTABLE ALGERNON—TRENCHARD'S "HOPE"—AND CRIMINAL'S!
BITTER END—WAR STORY—"FINIS" Unwritten.
FIDO—MAKES "STUMP" HIS "ORATOR."
THE MONEY PROBLEM—TO-MORROW WON'T BE FRIDAY!
WHAT STARTED IT—ONE WONDERS, VIEWING "CROCK."
SHOCK FOR OUR SUBURBS—PUB.—GETTING OVER IT!
GIVING UP—SETTING YOURSELF BIGGER "CONUNDRUM."
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM—"CHANGE" FEW MAKE "QUIETLY."
HINT FOR RAMSAY—YOU'VE HAD "RUN"—HURRY!
JUST LIKE A CHILD—"BOO-HOO! YOUR GUN'S BIGGER!"
FOUND HIMSELF—IN "STEW," VENTURESOME "RABBIT."
SILENCE FELL AND—BAYONETS ROUND CENOTAPH "WINKED."
MISS PROSPERITY—WILL MARRY "WILL" WILLINGLY.
NIGHT OF TERROR—NATIONS "MAKING BED" FOR.
NEARER AND NEARER—"SANTA'S" VISIT—CHANCELLOR'S "CALL."
GOOD SIGN—DOESN'T "SQUEAK" WHEN "WINDY."

TWO MONTHS IN BED WITH GASTRIC 'FLU.'

Now a New Woman.

For a woman of 50 to be so bad with gastric 'flu' that she was off her feet for over two months, with the doctor coming every day, and then to become a new woman simply by taking the pleasantest of all tonics—that is the story of Mrs. R. Lowe, of Poulett Rd., East Ham. This is what she says: "I wish to write and let you know that at the age of 50 I have just had a very bad attack of gastric 'flu' and have been taken off my feet for over two months, also doctor was coming in every day."

"I read about Wincarnis, and to my astonishment it has made a new woman of me. I am now fit and strong again and it has put new life into me; it is a most wonderful tonic for both young and old."

"I shall be only too pleased to let everyone know how glad I am I tried it as, at my age, I am having change of life, and it is a great help to me."

If you are run down from any cause, if you are nervy or anemic, start taking Wincarnis to-day. You will love its bouquet and aroma and it has actually received over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

DREADFUL FLATULENCE FOR FORTY YEARS.

"Instant Relief Whatever the Pain."

Dreadful flatulence, violent pain after eating, flutterings, all these made life a misery for Mr. A. U. of . . . School, near Barnstaple, until he discovered the cure they are using in all the leading hospitals. This is his own unsolicited letter.

"I would like to say how much benefit I have derived from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I have suffered with dreadful flatulence and bad indigestion for over 40 years; and I have spent much money on medicines, but nothing has ever relieved me as the powder has done. I do not like ever to be without it, for whether I get flatulence or violent pain or flutterings, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder gives me instant relief. I have told many people about it who have also tried it, and found relief; I only wish every poor sufferer knew of it."

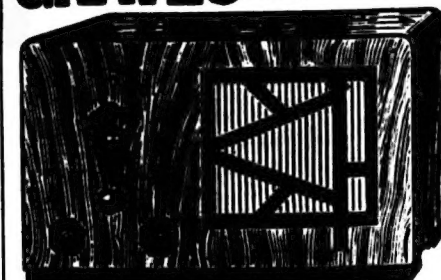
If you know what it is to suffer from indigestion you too can get this almost instant relief.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Radio for Xmas.

Turn to the offers on pages 16 & 27 and fill in the Coupons for free Catalogues, etc.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make this the Happiest Xmas you have ever known, by installing the GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial, Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 10 in. IT HAS A SPECIAL CON. CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL. LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £25.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Full Size Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. T. G. R. of Montague Street, Edinburgh, 19.10.32, writes:—"The set is working splendidly—beautiful with it. I love the music and speech; we are delighted with it." Mr. H. H. of Grantham, 21.10.32, writes:—"A wonderful set for the money, and I am more than pleased with it." Mr. C. A. W. of Clapham, 21.10.32, writes:—"The performance of the set is wonderful, a great credit to your firm."

GRAVES-NATIONAL 8-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Coil Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £35.0.0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

THE HERBAL REMEDY FOR PSORIASIS

ROZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. J. ROBINSON & SONS, (Sheffield) Ltd. 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.



BIG CHEQUES...

RADIOGRAMMOPHONES AND...
NEW YEAR HAMPER

500 NEW PRIZES!

100
NEW YEAR PRIZES OF
£1 CASH
AND
GIANT HAMPERCONTAINING—PUMPKIN... PORTLAND CEMENT...
PUMPKIN... PORTLAND CEMENT...
PUMPKIN... PORTLAND CEMENT...
PUMPKIN... PORTLAND CEMENT...
PUMPKIN... PORTLAND CEMENT...HUGE 2-IN-1 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£500
plus MAGNIFICENT 50-GUINEA
MARCONI PHONE
RADIO GRAMOPHONE500
UNIQUE 2-IN-1 PRIZES
OF 2/6 CASH plusValuable collection of last 52
issues of "Bullets Bulletin,"
complete in cover—forming
the finest aid to success in 1934
any competitor could secure

OTHER PRIZES: £50

10 of £5... 10 of £3
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES623 Fine Opportunities in
Great Christmas Contest!

T O-DAY sees the launching of our great Christmas Holiday Offer, with a threefold attraction never seen in any prize-list of the past.

To the sender of the best *Bullet* entered, JOHN BULL will pay a splendid New Year cheque for £500, adding to that fine sum the limitless joys provided by a 50-Guinea "Marconiphone" Radio Gramophone.

Following this wonderful 2-in-1 First come 100 big 2-in-1 New Year Prizes, consisting of a Giant Hamper crammed with seasonable delicacies—and £1 cash to complete each winner's delight.

Finally, look at the enormous batch of 500 unique and useful prizes which have also been arranged; the cash will be useful, but the addition of *Bullets Bulletin* complete for 1934 makes this award one of the finest yet seen for smaller winners.

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET"

To make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples* and write down any rough thoughts they bring to mind. Next, you must proceed to build these thoughts into prize-worthy efforts, remembering that a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, linking up neatly with the chosen *Example*.You might, for instance, consider the *Example* AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY, your first thought being *Children Eat Far Too Much*. From that obvious idea you could readily improve the wording to make up the double-meaning *Bullet*, AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY—SONNY'S FRIENDS "SWELLING ALARMINGLY."

Before settling down to make a few efforts of your own, you will be wise to study the list of previous winning efforts printed for your guidance on the opposite page.

Then spend a quiet half-hour on your *Bullets* and make sure that your entry is received by us by Saturday, December 30.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

DAWN OF HOPE
ON SOLID GROUND
AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY
HIGH TIME
TO HELP THE CHANCELLOR
CONTENTEDLY
HE SQUEEZED HER AND
AVALANCHE OF BILLS
FALLING
LAST YEAR
IN TROUBLED WATERS
IT'S OUR HOUSE, BUT
UNWELCOME VISITOR
MERCELESS
RICH OR POOR
CRYING FOR THE MOON
TO REACH THE TOP
GREAT HELP
TIDE OF OPINION
VAGANT PLACE
STUDYING HER
WORKING LIKE MAD
MAKES MONEY
SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY
GOOD OMEN
IN POVERTY'S PRISON
REDEEMING FEATURE
OUR COOK
SELDOM THINKS
HUGE JOKE
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
SURE OF SUCCESS
DOTING MAMMA
HARDLY FAIR
BEAUTY
PROFITING BY EXPERIENCE

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed " & Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit; the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed " & Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 916 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. E. Davies, 234, Smithdown Road, Liverpool.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 920 usually purchase "John Bull."

GIVE THIS 96-PAGE
XMAS GIFT!If you are already a reader of *Bullets Bulletin* and know its value, why not give 12 issues of John Bull's 96-page budget of competition help to a friend as a Christmas Present? Complete this coupon with his name and address and John Bull will do the rest. You may well be helping your friend to win hundreds of pounds—yet this unique Gift costs you only the bare charge of postage!

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " & Co." payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME
ADDRESS Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

ENTER ON THESE BIG COUPONS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
P.O. No. _____
(920) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Closing SAT., Dec. 30
Signed _____
Address _____

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
P.O. No. _____
(920) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Closing SAT., Dec. 30
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
P.O. No. _____
(920) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Closing SAT., Dec. 30
Signed _____
Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
P.O. No. _____
(920) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Closing SAT., Dec. 30
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 920, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

To Enjoy Your XMAS FARE



Take a nightly
Dose of

YOUR stomach and liver need a little extra help as you approach this Festive Season. A dose of Bile Beans to-night will definitely help your digestion, keep you bright and well, and make you as fit as a fiddle to-morrow. All the family can take these purely vegetable pills.

BILE BEANS

See Registered Trade Mark Bile Beans (No. 484261) on every pack. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

82

B35

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A54